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## CONSERVATIVE AND TORY ON ITALY.

THE real or imaginary correspondents of the *Times* in dull seasons have the merit of keeping alive that dramatic method of instruction which has almost become extinct in ordinary literature. There are great advantages in the Platonic dialogue, especially where both interlocutors are more or less in the right, and where the author or editor is the more impartially disposed because he has himself not made up his mind as to the merits of the controversy. It matters little whether the combatants in the columns of the *Times* have a real existence, as long as they represent actual shades of thought and opinion. It is perhaps more amusing to watch the performance of gladiators who are in earnest, but, on the other hand, the dispassionate puppets of an ingenious writer state with more exhaustive skill the conflicting reasons which bear on the dispute. Two "Conservatives," who severally disclaim and recognize the title of "Tory," have enlivened the Easter recess with a pertinent disquisition on the Italian policy of Lord DERBY and his principal adherents. Both disputants properly desire to see their party in office, and if it is objected that they are not likely to effect their object by the aid of a Ministerial journal, they may reply that the conventional necessity which requires performers in an opera to sing their joys and sorrows instead of speaking, compels *Times'* correspondents to correspond in the *Times*. The incidental exposure of the weak points of the Conservative party is an unavoidable condition of the controversy. The value of the correspondence depends on the accurate statement of differences which perplex many zealous members and supporters of the Opposition. The "Conservative" who is not a Tory cannot understand why the leaders of his party should deliberately provoke unpopularity by a gratuitous display of enmity to the Italian cause. As he justly observes, the English nation is almost unanimous on the side of Italian freedom, and, in a matter which is remote from domestic questions, it might be prudent to acquiesce in an apparently immutable decision. Conservative No. 1 rates at their proper value Lord MALMESBURY's professions of good will to Italy, when combined with his desire to retain all the subdivisions which placed the country at the mercy of a foreign enemy. Any reason is good enough to support a foregone conclusion. Lord MALMESBURY once explained that Italy ought to be a Federation, because it consisted of a long and narrow peninsula, which might possibly offer facilities for invasion. With equal good sense, M. LOUIS BLANC somewhere proves that Spain ought not to practise even internal free trade, because it forms a compact mass which may be distributed at pleasure into concentric territorial zones. It cannot be doubted that if Italy had been short and Spain had been long, Lord MALMESBURY would still have adhered to the policy of 1815, and the Jacobin historian to the Gospel according to ROBESPIERRE.

The Conservative who is no Tory is a comparatively prudent tactician, but Conservative No. 2 enters more thoroughly into the spirit of his party. With characteristic logic, he argues that the POPE's temporal power ought not to be assailed, because the temporalities of the Irish Church may at any time require to be defended. The parallel would be more exact if France or America were likely to insist on a suppression of the bishoprics which were spared thirty years ago by Lord GREY and Lord STANLEY. The majority of English politicians hold, not that the POPE's sovereignty ought to be abolished by force, but that foreign Powers ought not to compel Italians to endure a despotism which they abhor. The quibble between temporalities and temporal royalty is neither more nor less convincing than the argument that a nation must not be united if it occupies a parallelogram. The Tory Conservative is afraid of a

war with France if the occupation of Rome is questioned, and he eagerly repeats the phrase of the Imperial Minister that England has contributed neither a man nor a shilling to the defence of Italy. There is something almost respectable in a wanton and obstinate disregard of all the instincts and prejudices which exercise the most universal influence over English opinion. When the country is taunted with its inferiority, threatened with the anger of France, and exhorted to acquiesce patiently in acts of injustice and oppression, the party which relies on such arguments and stimulants may as well renounce all hope of popularity and office. In their antipathy to Italian independence, Lord DERBY, Lord MALMESBURY, and the Tory aristocracy are consistent with the habitual leaning of their party to the cause of legitimacy. At the end of NAPOLEON's wars, it happened that the restored princes represented the interests of the upper classes throughout Europe. Forty years later, three-fourths of the House of Lords were opposed to the war with Russia, on the ground that an absolute and hereditary despotism seemed to have a Conservative character. The POPE, the Austrian Government, and the dependent provinces of Italy possess a similar claim to the good will of the Tory leaders. The peers who profess to be liberal have, by the example of Lord PALMERSTON or Lord RUSSELL, learnt within a few years to conceal or to modify their reactionary tendencies. Conservative No. 2 cannot avoid an irrelevant attack on the Russian war, although it is his present object to renew the misery of Italy rather than to facilitate the plunder of Turkey.

Mr. DISRAELI is not liable to prejudices, properly so called, but his calculations are sometimes as perverse as if they were controlled by the most conscientious fanaticism. He has an ancient leaning to Austria as to the former representative of force and of tortuous diplomacy; nor has he ever been able to understand that the respect due to strength ought to be transferred when victory changes sides. Between the vigorous despotism of Imperial France and the tenacious policy of Austria Mr. DISRAELI has often hesitated. Even Italy seemed to him formidable, if not deserving of sympathy, when it was supposed to be, as he once said, "honeycombed with secret societies." A great regenerated community, proclaiming and carrying out its wishes in the face of day, is not sufficiently melodramatic or picturesque for an artificial taste. A more commonplace reason for favouring the pretensions of the Holy See is supplied by the Irish agitation against Italian liberty. The bargain which has so often been broken off on the eve of conclusion, may perhaps be struck at the next election between Mr. DISRAELI and the Irish members. The temptation would be stronger or more solid if it were possible, by any combination of factions, to govern the United Kingdom for the purposes of the Roman Catholic Church. O'CONNELL, trying the experiment under the most favourable conditions, succeeded in rendering a Liberal Government thoroughly unpopular within three or four years of the Reform Bill. A similar attempt on the part of the Conservatives, who include in their ranks many of the most zealous Protestants, could only result in an overwhelming secession to a discreeter party. On the whole, the question recurs, why candidates for office should voluntarily condemn themselves to the exclusion which is, to a great extent, prolonged by their Italian heresies.

There are better reasons than party expediency for defending, on all possible occasions, the just cause of Italy; but to selfish politicians it ought to be a sufficient recommendation that, by concurring with the great bulk of the English community, they would find themselves on the winning side. Whatever may happen, the Grand Dukes will never be restored, nor will any temporary interruption

induce Italy again permanently to acquiesce in a paralysing separation of its parts. The apparent inconvenience of the presence of foreign garrisons in Rome and Venice is not without its compensation. The nation would not be persuaded to arm if there was no foreign enemy to fear, and common military discipline will be the best school of practical unity. As to the POPE, it is convenient to assert that Rome is an indispensable capital, and the complaint supercedes disputes which might otherwise arise among the chief provincial cities of the Kingdom. It is, for the present, advantageous to retain Turin as the seat of government; and Florence, Milan, and Naples scarcely care to dispute a supremacy which is ostensibly as well as really provisional. The proposed recovery of Rome unites Naples with Piedmont and Tuscany, in a common pursuit, and an ingenious Russian pamphleteer has lately argued, with much show of reason, that the POPE under French protection becomes daily more innocuous. If the enterprise of 1848 had thriven, a popular POPE, representing at the same time divine right and human liberty, would have established a troublesome claim on the gratitude of the nation. At a later period, if it had suited the inclination of PIUS IX. to govern with justice and moderation, CAVOUR himself would have been compelled to respect his rights in every project for remodelling Italy. At present, the POPE, as the professed enemy of his country, is comparatively easy to deal with, and in three or four years he may possibly have lost the slight hold which he yet retains on the laity. The profound respect which the King of ITALY has always professed for the Holy See may become less enthusiastic when the POPE is no longer dangerous.

#### CHEAP GOVERNORS.

AT the close of his financial statement, Mr. GLADSTONE read to the House an account of England's war expenditure in the course of the last three years, during which she has been at peace with all the civilized world. The total amounted to some eight millions sterling. Two countries—China and New Zealand—divided between them, in unequal proportions, the merit of having imposed upon us so large an actual military outlay at a time of nominal peace. Mr. GLADSTONE did not go on to trace the causes to which this heavy burden was due. He seemed to imply, by the admonitions with which he improved his figures, that this expenditure was the result of a love of taxation for its own sake, which had suddenly possessed the nation and the House of Commons. It was due, in reality, to a cause far less paradoxical. It was simply the consequence of a theory prevailing among our statesmen that Governorships in the Colonies are convenient almshouses in which political incapables may be cheaply boarded and lodged. From the siege of Troy down to the Indian mutiny, great wars have been engendered from little causes; and the China war, which has wasted so many millions of treasure and so many human lives, sprang from a cause pettier even than greased cartridges. The bombardment of Canton, and the carnage at the Taku Forts, and the burning of the Summer Palace, and the execution of Captain BRABAZON and Mr. BOWLBY, all arose out of the apparently unimportant circumstance that Lord JOHN RUSSELL was bored by listening to Dr. BOWRING's speeches in the House of Commons. Hong Kong was a place where it seemed that he could do no harm, and to Hong Kong he was accordingly despatched. The rest is told in the item of seven millions odd sterling, which Mr. GLADSTONE brought in the other night as Dr. BOWRING's little bill for the various wars that trace their pedigree from the affair of the *lorcha Arrow*. The sins of New Zealand against the national Exchequer are not so heavy. At present their amount is indeterminate; but it is not probable that they will ever equal the grand proportions of our Chinese extravagance. Yet the cause to which they were owing was exactly the same. They were due to the appointment of an incompetent man to a preeminently difficult post, either by reason of some Colonial-office routine of promotion, or of the inadequacy of the salary to attract a better man. The best proof that Colonel BROWNE's incompetence was the source of the New Zealand troubles is the marvellous change which the reversal of his policy, and the substitution of an able Governor in his place, have produced in the condition of affairs.

The policy called for by English settlers in dealing with native tribes whose lands they occupy, has always rested upon one great fundamental dogma. It is, that the absolute

submission of the natives must be conquered by force of arms before any terms of compromise or any redress of grievances can be offered. Colonel BROWNE acted in scrupulous fidelity to this policy. Far from abating, for the sake of peace, his original demands, he enlarged them as soon as the expeditions from England whose cost Mr. GLADSTONE is now deploring had enabled him to do so with safety. The primary cause of quarrel was the celebrated dispute concerning the ownership of a piece of land at Waitara in Taranaki. Colonel BROWNE had purchased it of the ostensible owner; that owner's title to sell was impeached by the chief of his tribe; and Colonel BROWNE, without submitting the disputed point to any tribunal, summarily settled it by ordering a party of soldiers to occupy the land. The Taranaki war followed, in which, after some reverses, the English arms were ultimately victorious. But immediate peace did not follow upon this result, as English taxpayers might have hoped. It only gave the Governor an opportunity for expanding his demands. He required of the natives that they should further abandon the "King" movement, which, in effect, was a movement for organizing in the native districts a machinery for that protection to life and property which the English law did not practically assure to any one outside the English pale. If the demand had been persisted in, nothing but a war of extermination between the two races could have ensued. Fortunately, at this juncture, the news arrived that the Home Government had awoke to the costliness of incompetence, and that Sir GEORGE GREY had been appointed a second time to avert from New Zealand the curse of civil war; and until his arrival all further action was necessarily suspended.

When the new Governor arrived, a renewal of the war was imminent. The danger is now believed to have entirely passed away. This happy change in the course of six months is due partly to Sir GEORGE GREY's influence with the natives, partly to his careful reversal of his predecessor's policy. Governor BROWNE had been either unable or unwilling to gain a sufficient knowledge of the natives and their language to exercise a personal influence over them. This was a fatal error. Tribes whose civilization is at best but nascent can never be governed by a mere administrative mechanism. They soon lost faith in a Governor with whom they had no personal dealings; and they hailed the return of Governor GREY, who had always pursued the opposite system, as the return of an old friend. As far as he has at present gone, his measures have not belied their hopes. They show that he has thoroughly unlearned the pernicious maxim, too prevalent with Englishmen abroad, that fear is the only motive which can be relied upon to influence men of darker skins than their own. Though he has retreated from the untenable positions Colonel BROWNE had taken up, he has done so without exhibiting any sign of weakness. He has insisted on the compensation of plundered settlers, and has declared his resolution to compel, if necessary by a military force, the reopening of the roads through the interior, and the permission of a free passage to travellers and the mails. But he has not been satisfied with the re-establishment of his authority. He has proceeded at once to the redress of the grievances out of which armed resistance to it originally arose. The grievances were two. One was that, while the British Government had destroyed the authority of the chiefs, it had substituted no authority of its own. In the purely native regions there was no law, no protection for life and property, and no punishment for crime. The other grievance was that the Government, to please the settlers, had organized a fraudulent system of land-purchase, to which the natives gave the name of land-stealing. Under the disguise of a colourable purchase from a fictitious owner, tribes whose consent had never been asked were driven without compensation from the lands they had inherited. To both these grievances Sir GEORGE GREY has applied a simple remedy, by conceding to the Maoris the self-government which is the right of their white fellow-subjects. The Maori region is to be mapped out into districts; and in each district a council is to be elected by the Maoris, to whose decision all questions of local legislation will be committed. It will be entrusted with the determination of all disputed points that shall arise in reference to the sale of land. All the intricate discussions concerning the *mana* of the chief, and the rights that have accrued by conquest, and the rights that have ceased by emigration, will be simply settled by



a reference to the Maori Council of the district. A European Chief Commissioner will be appointed by the Governor to preside over it, and all its decisions will be subject to the Governor's *veto*. A native court, consisting of elected assessors presided over by a European chairman, will administer justice in every hundred, in both civil and criminal cases. The decrees pronounced by it will be left to Maori officers to enforce. Thus the want of an internal police, which has driven the Maoris to the King movement, will be remedied by a machinery which the most ill-humoured Maori will not be able to suspect of any tendency hostile to his race. For the wretched dispute at Waitara, over which so much blood has been shed, it is to be settled, as it ought to have been settled originally, by a court of arbitration, named half by the natives, and half by the Governor. The new institutions proclaimed by Sir GEORGE GREY in a manifesto of singular ability, have met with a very favourable reception from the natives, and have scarcely experienced any formidable resistance even from the whites most opposed to his policy. There seems a fair ground for hoping that they will avert from England the terrible reproach of adding, in the full light of the nineteenth century, yet another to the list of races whom the growth of her empire has exterminated.

The contrast between the statesmanlike sagacity of the new Governor, and the dull, aimless stubbornness of the old, is too striking to be ignored. But there is a more useful lesson to be drawn from it than the barren condemnation of the errors of Colonel BROWNE. Though perhaps it may not be possible always to command a special aptitude, such as that with which Sir GEORGE GREY is endowed, yet still ability is in the market, if the necessary price for it is given. There is no necessity for being content with such representatives of the QUEEN as the two of whose blunders our Exchequer is feeling the results. But while we are prodigal in armaments for the defence of our colonies, we are conscientiously economical in the salaries of the Governors, who might, if they were equal to their posts, make those armaments superfluous. Whether we consider the interests of which they dispose or the fearful expenditure which their mismanagement may cause, those colonial Governors who have native races to deal with should be selected from among the ablest servants of the English Crown. It would be a cheap investment to multiply their salaries tenfold, if by such an expenditure we could avert the exhausting drain of these little wars. But so long as we scarcely give them enough to cover the expenses of their position, we must expect occasionally to pay the penalty of our economy in such a bill of costs as that on which Mr. GLADSTONE commented the other night.

#### LORD CANNING.

LORD CANNING has left India in the midst of thanks and congratulations which, on the whole, he has deserved. He has proved himself a man of courage, a man of business, and an upright ruler, not too proud to learn by experience or to correct a mistake. Parting addresses may be tolerably good evidence of character as far as they go, but it must be remembered that doubt and disapprobation are in the meantime silent. Lord CANNING has secured the suffrages of the English residents of Calcutta and of the native merchants and capitalists. The aristocracy of India would probably concur in the eulogies bestowed on his policy, but it is no secret that he is far less popular with the Civil Service. It has been his fate, as Governor-General, to swim with the stream, and time alone can show whether the current which he has obeyed is an eddy or an integral part of the main flow of the river. When Lord CANNING, three or four years ago, proclaimed the abolition of all the land-tenures in Oude, he carried out a theory which had long been approved by English economists and speculators; and if the scheme had succeeded, he would have received credit for maintaining the rights of the Government and of the people in defiance of the pretensions of a usurping oligarchy. Unluckily, it appeared that the peasantry loved or feared their feudal chiefs more seriously than they trusted the English Government. It consequently became necessary to recognise and confirm the claims of the landed nobility, and Lord CANNING wisely conceded, with a politic ostentation of liberality, the rank and privileges which it had proved inconvenient to dispute. The best man, according to the old Greek couplet, is he who discerns all things for himself, but the second best is the man who complies with judicious counsel. In political difficulties, and especially among the mysterious

perplexities of Indian Government, the most efficient statesman is generally the readiest learner from experience. In the matter of the Oude tenures, and more recently in allowing lands to be granted in fee-simple, Lord CANNING has shown a prudent pliancy which is not incompatible with a resolute purpose. Statesmanlike firmness consists, not in obstinate adhesion to a dogma, but in a pertinacious pursuit of the public good, even, if necessary, by opposite methods. The times and occasions for yielding and for resistance cannot be defined by any general rule.

It is generally admitted that Lord CANNING was slow in discovering the true nature of the mutiny; and the explanation that he was new in office and imperfectly acquainted with the country is an excuse rather than an apology. A GOVERNOR-GENERAL, through a great part of his career, necessarily relies on external information, and his sagacity is tested by his power of discriminating between conflicting statements and systems. The officers of the native army exaggerated to themselves and to others the fidelity of their troops; but the responsible head of the Government, while he displayed outward confidence, ought to have taken every precaution against danger. When, however, the extent and virulence of the rebellion were no longer subjects of controversy, Lord CANNING's imperturbable coolness was admirably useful. His determination not to be hurried into measures of vengeance encouraged even the frightened population of Calcutta in the midst of its clamour for protection and for blood. In stemming the temporary burst of opinion both in England and in India, the GOVERNOR-GENERAL was only supported by the experienced Civil Servants who had long been trained to regard the rights and the welfare of the subject population as well as the supremacy of the dominant race. The influence of the official caste which has ruled India so long and so ably is declining since the abolition of the Company, and its corporate spirit will soon become extinct under the lowering influence of the competitive system. It is possible that compensating securities may be provided for native rights and liberties, but the tendency of recent legislation is to favour England at the expense of India, and it is more than ever necessary that the GOVERNOR-GENERAL should undertake the supreme protectorate over the indigenous subjects of the Crown. One of the dangers which were reasonably apprehended on the abolition of the Double Government has, thus far, been obviated by the utter indifference of Parliament to all Indian questions. As long as it is found impossible to keep a House together to discuss an Indian Budget, the SECRETARY OF STATE may discharge his duties without reference to the interests or prejudices of domestic parties; but direct Parliamentary Government for a vast and remote dependency is only tolerable when it passes into a constitutional fiction. Lord CANNING would have been as much annoyed by the interference of Lord ELLENBOROUGH and of Lord STANLEY if they had been Presidents of the Board of Control and not Secretaries for India. His correspondence with Sir CHARLES WOOD has practically differed little from the communications which passed between his predecessors and the Chairman of the Court of Directors.

The merits and defects of Indian financial measures belong rather to Mr. WILSON and Mr. LAING than to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL. No statesman could have avoided an excess of expenditure over income during the continuance of the mutiny, and it was obvious that the reduction of the army was the only contrivance by which the balance could be readjusted. Nevertheless, finance was the weakest point of the Indian Civil Service; for the Secretaries of the Treasury had enjoyed no special training for their duties, and the Government took it for granted that the assessment on land furnished the only considerable source of public income. It is not too much to say that the most urgent problem in Indian administration is the establishment of some more complex and elastic system of taxation. In principle, nothing can be juster than that the natural monopoly of land should furnish the means of providing for the public wants; but in practice it is found that the exaction of the revenue from land involves too much interference with the economy of private life. If the tax is proportioned to the produce, it has the injurious effect of tithes levied in kind, and, by fixing the amount, the Government deprives itself of participation in the growing prosperity of the community. Mr. WILSON and his successor, coming fresh from England, saw the expediency of raising a revenue from the wealth and consumption of the country, and the utility of their experiments may probably be more permanent than the special devices by which they have attempted to provide additional resources. The import duties on English manu-

factures are reasonably obnoxious to Manchester, and the license duty has been already abandoned; yet it is indispensable to contrive equitable taxes, if land is hereafter to be alienated without the reservation of a ground-rent to Government. The energy of English landowners may increase the wealth of the country, but it can only benefit the revenue by augmenting the produce of direct or indirect taxation.

If further legislative or executive action should be required at home, Lord CANNING's experience and sound judgment will be highly valuable in Parliament. Lord ELLENBOROUGH is almost the only conspicuous member of either House who possesses a practical knowledge of India; and notwithstanding the advantages of intellectual power, of earnestness, and of commanding eloquence, his positiveness, his overstrained vehemence, and his tendency to look only at one side of a question render him an insufficient, if not an unsafe, adviser. Lord DERBY, Lord PALMERSTON, and Mr. GLADSTONE seem always to discuss Indian topics with a tacit reference to interests and motives with which they are more habitually conversant. Lord STANLEY and the Duke of ARGYLL have studied the subject with conscientious industry, but Lord CANNING will stand almost alone in his possession of that familiar knowledge which leaves the mind at leisure to concentrate attention on the material issues of a question. The reputation and experience which he has acquired during his Viceroyalty will fully justify his claim to a more prominent position than that which he held before his appointment to the government of India.

His successor commences his duties with the advantage of the longest and most versatile experience which is possessed by any conspicuous servant of the Crown. In Jamaica, in Canada, and in two missions to China, Lord ELGIN has given the most satisfactory proof of capacity by his uniform success. His comparative failure in the House of Lords may be explained by his forgetfulness that in England he was neither a Governor-General nor a Plenipotentiary. In this country, only one or two present or past Ministers can hope to hold their heads two or three inches above the crowd. During his reign in India, Lord ELGIN may assume whatever superiority he desires, if only he justifies his ambition by zealous public service. There is, fortunately, no doubt either of his will or of his ability; and the tact which conciliated Canadian Parliaments and overawed Chinese Princes of the Blood, ought to suffice for a station which of itself commands deference and respect. In five or six years the GOVERNOR-GENERAL may hope to return, like Lord CANNING, with an unsullied character, and with the consciousness of having benefited India.

#### THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

THE success of a Volunteer Field-day like that of last Monday has ceased to be a matter of surprise; but the experience which has been gained is, in many respects, scarcely less valuable than the first discovery that our citizen troops are capable of being manœuvred with as much apparent facility as if soldiering had been the business of their lives. The truth is, that their military pursuits have been taken up soberly and seriously as a matter of real business and duty; and it is just for this reason that the Volunteers are able to enjoy their Easter Monday with infinitely more zest than the almost obsolete pastimes of the Greenwich Fair type ever excited. In one respect only is there any abatement in the eagerness with which a Volunteer demonstration is expected and witnessed. The experimental stage of the movement is passed. The Volunteer army is no longer on its trial in the same sense as when it was thought a doubtful matter whether 20,000 amateur soldiers could be successfully massed in Hyde Park and marched past the Royal carriage without some ludicrous failure. The excitement which early doubts of Volunteer efficiency aroused is gone with the cause of it; and we believe that the suggestions recently made, that a certain apathy was creeping over the force and deadening the interest of the public, were almost exclusively due to the absence of the conflicting hopes and fears which the movement awakened in its earliest infancy. Even the most satisfactory proficiency will scarcely raise as much public attention as the first success of a doubtful experiment. An Armstrong battery smashing in, as a matter of course, a wall of iron of a foot or more in thickness, will be a less imposing sight when it shall have become a matter of certainty than the first shot of the huge cannon which

fairly pierced the Warrior target. The guns will not be the less valuable, or the less prized, when they have become familiar, though the enthusiastic delight of a first successful experiment can never be recalled. It is the same with the Volunteers. With ample room remaining for future improvement, the movement has reached a stage of maturity which, if more satisfactory, is less exciting than its first period of trial. Of the many thousands of spectators who assembled to witness the Brighton Review, some were probably more confident than others of the result, but enough was known of what had already been done to remove all excessive anxiety as to the issue of the day. That some battalions would be more highly trained than others—that one commander might be expected to handle his troops with professional skill while another might go near to club his brigade—that a little more or less of steadiness here, or rapidity there, might distinguish one corps from another, were possibilities which the experience of the day in some degree confirmed; but the broad fact that an army of 20,000 Volunteers could go through the evolutions of a regular field-day with credit to themselves, it scarcely needed the splendid display on the Brighton Downs to prove. At the same spot last year, and at several other gatherings, similar demonstrations had been made on a smaller scale, with considerable *éclat*; and when it was known that the energies of the War Office would be cordially exerted to perfect all the arrangements, and that the first of our Generals was entrusted with the command, anything that could be called failure was almost out of the question.

Yet few, perhaps, even among the Volunteers themselves, expected to see in the evolutions of the day so complete a proof as was afforded of the large measure of efficiency which has rewarded their steady perseverance. As a mere military display, quite apart from any consideration of the elements of which the force was composed, the scene was extremely beautiful. The rapidity and ease with which the columns were deployed, the steadiness with which the long line advanced across hill and valley, the sustained fire of the skirmishers, the sudden formation of bristling squares on the alarm of cavalry, and at last the change of front of the whole army when the orders were given to dislodge the enemy from his position on the flank, were not merely pretty manœuvres to witness, but looked, as they were, like real working evolutions. Military eyes doubtless detected little defects here and there, but the grand result of the sham fight was to show that a Volunteer force is capable of being handled in the field with a very respectable approach to the precision of regular troops. One useful conclusion to be drawn from this is, that the once prevalent notion that Volunteers were to be used up exclusively in manning stone walls, or wasted in resultless guerilla warfare, may be regarded as abandoned. A few weeks, or even days, of actual service would probably qualify the great majority of the Volunteers who were assembled at Brighton to stand shoulder to shoulder with the line in the defence of the country. There is no reason to doubt that the North and the West could each turn out a force as efficient as that which was so easily collected from the metropolis and the Southern coast, and the sample which was exhibited on Easter Monday may be accepted as evidence that a very much more imposing force could be collected in a few days to oppose the landing or the progress of an invading enemy on any point of the coast.

Until last Monday we believe that the experiment of rapidly concentrating so considerable a body of troops from a district covering 50 miles of ground in each direction had never been tried in England; and when it is remembered that the whole force was at its appointed post soon after noon, some idea may be formed of the immense service which our railways would render in the event of a threatened attack. This will help us to estimate the real significance of our Volunteer army. It is a force of more than 150,000 men, of whom two-thirds could probably be brought into line, wherever they were wanted, with less notice than the preparations of the most secret and active enemy would inevitably give of his approach. Whether we look to the amount of security which such a force promises, or to the enthusiasm, the persistent labour, and the great self-sacrifice which must have gone to produce the scene which was witnessed on the Brighton Downs, every man in England ought to be jealous of anything which tends in the slightest degree to mar the efficiency or to check the progress of the Volunteer movement. If there were some within the ranks who were beginning to weary of the monotony of drill, the spectacle of Easter Monday should remind them of the



solid value of their past efforts, and of the duty of perfecting the training which, creditable as it already is, might with the utmost ease be carried from its present point to something like the perfection of the picked regiments of the regular army. The really arduous work of creating a national army of Volunteers has been done, and done well, and the task of raising it to the very highest scale of efficiency is as nothing compared with what has already been achieved. The weak point of the force has always, with some truth, been supposed to be in the inexperience of the officers of every rank, and it is mainly as a test of their knowledge and presence of mind that large gatherings, like that of Easter Monday, are to be valued. It is impossible that a field-day on so important a scale could have been conducted with such complete success had not a large proportion of the officers in command of battalions and companies been thoroughly up to their work. It is far more difficult for a civilian to acquire by occasional practice the readiness which an officer should possess, than to master the more mechanical duties of the private soldier; but we think we may now fairly assume that even in this respect the Volunteers may be trusted to acquit themselves with credit.

Nor is this the last of the subjects of congratulation which the late display affords. Notwithstanding the causes we have before hinted at as likely to diminish the enthusiasm of the public, there was not much sign at Brighton of any abatement in the popularity of the force. It was not the first review that had been held on the Racecourse Downs, but no novelty could have attracted a more eager assemblage than was gathered on the hill sides to witness the evolutions. The dense masses of spectators were a sight as cheering and significant as the Volunteers themselves. The utter indifference which the public has generally shown to mere rifle contests can scarcely be due, as has sometimes been suspected, to any lack of interest in the Volunteer cause, when it is seen that a review will collect so splendid an assembly as that which was gathered from all quarters to witness the Easter Monday field-day. Perhaps riflemen had been somewhat unreasonable in inviting spectators to look on where there was nothing to see, and we hope it will not be forgotten in future that the meetings which really warm the sympathies of the public are those to which Easter Monday is now periodically devoted. No amount of spirit on the part of active Volunteers will long keep the movement from flagging, unless the hearty co-operation of the whole country can be relied on to furnish a steady supply of recruits, and to help the Volunteers, when occasion requires, in bearing the burden of the heavy expenses of their corps. This last is a duty which, in our judgment, properly falls upon the Government; but we should be sorry to think that the fate of the Volunteer army depended entirely upon the capricious support which is sparingly dealt out under Government regulations. Every occasion which awakens the latent sympathies of the public is of more value than the Volunteers seem generally to have imagined, and we prize such gatherings as that of last Monday, almost as much for the opportunities they afford of bringing the Volunteers and their friends face to face, as for the encouragement and guidance which they furnish to the corps who take part in them. In every sense the Brighton Review has been an entire success, and we heartily congratulate the Volunteers on the result, which we hope will be emulated at other times and in other equally suitable localities.

#### THE WAR IN AMERICA.

UNLESS the rumour of a check at York Town should prove to be well-founded, the fortune of war still inclines to the Federal side. The unresisted capture of a small army at Island No. 10 is a repetition of the unaccountable mismanagement at Fort Donnellson; and the infatuation of placing large garrisons where they can neither maintain themselves nor escape, seems to indicate a want of capacity in those who control the Confederate arrangements for the campaign. The disadvantage of fighting with field artillery against the heavy ordnance used on gunboats may perhaps be unavoidable. It may also have been necessary for General BEAUREGARD to hold the railway junction at Corinth, although the enemy had the means of retreating, in case of defeat, on the floating batteries which protected the river. In ordinary warfare, it is highly dangerous to fight with a river in the rear, but the gunboats which attend the Federal armies are equivalent to fortified lines. It seems to have been impossible to interfere with General

BUELL's passage over the river; and, when his reinforcements were complete, the advantage of the brilliant success of the 6th of April was lost, if not reversed, on the following morning. Until the further movements of the contending parties are known, there will be no means of testing the doubtful statements of the official reports. Both commanders have the means of bringing up, by river or by railroad, any additional forces which they may have at their disposal. It is known that a large portion of the Federal army in the West was absent from the recent battle, and it is wholly uncertain whether the Confederates have the means of repairing their heavy losses. A retreat on either side will be a confession of defeat, and it is scarcely probable that the battle will be renewed in the same position. The enormous levies of the Northern Government, and the immense force of artillery which it has provided, seem likely to insure its superiority in the open field. Both combatants are beginning to learn the art of fighting, and generals and officers who have natural or acquired aptitude for their business are probably pushing themselves forward. The Confederate leaders, though they are outnumbered, and although their troops are less thoroughly armed, have yet the opportunity of harassing the enemy by long retreats, and of selecting strong defensive positions when they determine to offer battle. Their main reliance, however, may be reasonably placed on the impending collapse of the Northern finances, for experience has not yet suggested any mode of conducting a war of invasion, except by plunder or by the aid of money. The Federal Government has shown no disposition to adopt the oppressive policy of living on the conquered country, and it must soon discover that it has no means of paying its armaments.

Mr. STEPHENS, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Representatives, has, for the first time, given public expression to an opinion which has long seemed demonstrable to European observers. His speech at the close of the debate on the Tax Bill, while it purported to be cheerful and encouraging, pointed out in sufficiently intelligible language the necessity of reducing the army and navy. Like many just practical conclusions, his argument assumed a hypothetical form, and he affected only to be providing for the contingent failure of a condition which will nevertheless assuredly not be complied with. "If the Government should use the legitimate means in their power," I have no doubt that in 90 days the rebels might be so "crippled that our army could safely be reduced to 100,000 men, and thus five-sixths of the present expenses be saved." Ninety days have, for more than a year, served, like Dr. CUMMING's shifting interpretations of prophecy, to represent the estimated interval before the arrival of the Unionist Millennium. The Government, as Mr. STEPHENS is well aware, is at present using legitimate means of warfare on the largest, or rather on the most expensive, scale in the history of the world. Three armies in Virginia, two or three in the West, an armada on the coast of Georgia, and a great expedition in the neighbourhood of New Orleans, are doing all in their power to bring the rebels to reason within the shortest possible term. Mr. STEPHENS probably intends rather to prepare the minds of his colleagues for an inevitable reduction of armaments than to blame the Government for want of military energy. Whether the enemy is crippled or not, the army must shortly be reduced, or it must go without pay, and take its chance of obtaining the necessary supplies.

The Chairman of the Committee, in defending a monstrous and impracticable system of finance, supplies materials for judging whether it is possible even to satisfy his own limited theory of solvency. He proposes, in defiance of all precedent and experience, to pay the entire cost of the war with borrowed money, while the civil expenses, and the interest of the loan, are to be met by taxation. The entire estimated revenue, on the assumption that all taxes imposed are paid into the Treasury, amounts to 32,000,000*l.* The charge of the debt, up to the end of next June, and of the civil government, will exceed 26,000,000*l.* The daily outlay on the war, according to Mr. STEPHENS, is 600,000*l.* or 219,000,000*l.* for the year. If the imaginary conquest of the South within three months is set aside as unworthy of serious consideration, it follows that, by the end of 1862, 100,000,000*l.* more must be borrowed—imposing, on the improbable assumption that the rate of interest is not raised, an additional charge of 7,000,000*l.*, or considerably more than the nominal surplus of revenue. The new Tax Bill, therefore, fails even ostensibly to provide for the civil expenditure and for the interest of the

loans, and the deficiency will become greatly increased before twelve months have elapsed. It is hardly worth while to examine the further inequality between resources and demands which must ensue on the reduction of customable imports, and on the inevitable non-payment of large portions of the excise duties. Mr. STEPHENS is probably influenced by patriotic motives in calling the attention of the House to the impossibility of maintaining the war for any considerable time on the present scale of expenditure. If the army were reduced by five-sixths, the Government might consider itself solvent, and it would perhaps be able to attain as many useful objects as by its vast and ruinous exertions. Those parts of the Border States which naturally adhere to the North might be protected by forces of European dimensions, especially as the troops would gain in quality, and above all in the fitness of their officers, almost as much as they might lose in numerical strength.

The financial difficulty might be staved off by paying interest out of fresh loans, nor is the nominal revenue of much importance to a Government which is spending seven or eight times its amount. The real check to Northern extravagance will be found, not in the burden of paying interest, but in the impossibility of borrowing. Foreign capitalists, who from the first refused to advance a shilling, are not likely to be more strongly attracted by a speculation which becomes every day more hopeless. American lenders, having already contributed 160,000,000*l.*, must nearly have arrived at the length of their tether. The loans which will be required hereafter will not be forthcoming, partly because repudiation is inevitable, and on the still more conclusive ground that the money itself is not in existence. The point of foreign criticism is misapprehended by Federal politicians. European economists remark, not so much that American finance is absurd, as that those who think it possible are fiscally insane. It might not be foolish for a man to jump over a ten-foot wall, but it is singularly unwise to project an excursion of which such an achievement is an essential condition. The break-down of the present system will be effected, not by argument, but by the experience of an accomplished fact. There is no occasion to watch with curious anxiety for the straw which will break the camel's back. The load is incessantly increased by whole bales and hundredweights, and the catastrophe cannot long be delayed. The intelligent animal will easily relieve himself by a simple shake or concussion of that part of the burden which is called debt; but he will never convey the baggage which he is designed to bear to the end of his present journey. The ignorance of American character and institutions which notoriously prevails in England by no means accounts for the unanimous judgment which has been formed on an arithmetical or scientific problem. Given a revenue of 30,000,000*l.*, and an expenditure of 240,000,000*l.*, and the result of the calculation will not be affected by climate, by longitude, or by political institutions.

#### OUR FUTURE NAVY.

AFTER the rapid progress which has recently taken place in the rival manufactures of irresistible guns and impenetrable ships, it is almost a surprise that a week should have passed without any striking event to scatter old theories to the winds, and to throw new light upon the secrets of destruction and defence. The *Merrimac*, though she seems to have stolen out and quietly destroyed a few unlucky vessels, has done nothing more as yet to test her armour or her guns; but the last accounts report that she is ready for action with her two consorts, and perhaps with some further additions to her kindred. The *Monitor*, too, has been reinforced by another small iron-cased gunboat, and is sufficiently occupied in watching her old enemy. On both sides, the value of the new class of vessels is thoroughly appreciated in America; and while the North is busy constructing a fleet of *Monitors*, and finishing the strange floating battery devised by Mr. STEPHENS, the South is probably not less on the alert to do all that its restricted means will permit. One novelty from which much was expected, called from its form the *Tortoise*, seems to have fallen, with Island No. 10, into the hands of the Federals, though it is not quite clear whether the battery referred to is really the vessel which had been prepared with so much ingenuity and care.

The point which most concerns this country is that, under the stimulus of actual war, the iron fleets of America are rapidly growing in numbers, though as yet they do not seem

to include a single sea-going vessel; for, in spite of her hazardous voyage from New York to Hampton Roads, the *Monitor* can scarcely claim to be much more than a floating battery for coast defence. Looking nearer home, we find the energies of almost every maritime nation turned, as might have been anticipated, in the same direction. Notwithstanding the financial pressure on the Government of France, it is certain that the construction of iron ships and the improvement of artillery are destined to go on with unabated vigour. For the first time, a squadron of plated vessels is about to put to sea for a cruise; and the honour of taking the lead in this, as in the first iron-cased battery and the first sea-going plated frigate, belongs not to England but to France. It will not be long before our Ministers will have to give an explicit account of the efforts they have made to recover the lead which properly belongs to this country; and there are ample proofs in the daily accounts from the various dockyards that the great work of reconstructing the navy is being urged on with creditable zeal. Perhaps the class of vessels which demanded the earliest attention were the sea-going frigates like the *Warrior* that were required to replace the obsolete wooden liners which have lately been built, and the strength which has been put upon the *Achilles* is some evidence that the Admiralty are at last awake to the importance of this branch of their duties.

Possibly, so far as the immediate protection of our home ports is concerned, the construction of gun-boats on the cupola principle, without a spar or a shred of canvas to suffer from an enemy's fire, may be at least equally important; and we hope that the cutting down of the *Royal Sovereign*, and the construction of the new vessel designed by Captain COWPER COLES, will not be found to be the only attempts of the Admiralty to create a fleet for the defence of our exposed dockyards. The two great desiderata—armour-plated frigates fit to sail round the world, and unassailable gun-boats for home defence—are far from exhausting the requirements of this time of transition. Until the famous conflict between the two American ships in Hampton Roads, the steam-ram had not been much in favour with our officials; but we observe now that the battle which was said to have proved nothing has so far opened the eyes of the Board of Admiralty, that all the new iron vessels are being constructed with the formidable appendage of a beak. Admiral SARTORIUS and Mr. NASMYTH are once more setting up their rival claims to the honour of the invention, and seem to be both of them superseded by a rival claimant, who, with remarkable foresight, predicted the modern revolution in naval warfare at a time when the British Navy was exclusively composed of the sailing men-of-war which were abandoned about the time of the Russian war. But first-class frigates, cupola gun-boats, and steam rams are not the only ships we shall want. Both in France and America, much attention has been given to a class of vessels of which our navy does not possess a single specimen. As many as sixty plated gun-boats have been ordered by the Emperor NAPOLEON, and of these some are already afloat, and are said to come up to the most sanguine expectations. Meanwhile, we have, until quite recently, steadily persisted in building all our smaller corvettes and gun-boats exclusively of wood, the reason assigned being one that would be good if it were not open to a counter-reason which is much better. It is true that you cannot make a sea-going gun-boat absolutely invulnerable, but it is also true that a wooden ship will be destroyed by shot and shell which would rattle harmlessly even on such armour as could be carried by vessels of small tonnage. Partial protection is better than none, and it seems that this idea has at last dawned on the Admiralty, and that our first iron-cased gun-boat is about to be built, as a model, if successful, for a squadron of such ships.

The conditions as they exist at present—and no one can say how long they may remain unchanged—which must govern the dimensions and character of an iron fleet, are sufficiently well understood. Absolute invulnerability seems to be scarcely attainable, but security against all but the most powerful known ordnance at the shortest ranges is as yet within the reach of our naval architects. But to combine this practical immunity from shot and shell with all the other requisites of a man-of-war, enormous size is absolutely indispensable. The instant that an attempt is made to construct invulnerable ships of a smaller class, some one or other of the desiderata of a fighting ship must be abandoned. Even the *Warrior* was not considered large enough to bear her plating from end to end without too great a loss of speed and buoyancy; and the only vessels in the world



which unite such protection as four or five inches of iron can give, with the speed, stowage, sailing powers, and armament which a really efficient frigate ought to possess, are the half-finished ships which our Admiralty has ordered on a scale considerably larger than that of the *Warrior* and *Black Prince*. For a multitude of reasons besides the expense, it is clear that we cannot confine our navy to ships of six or seven thousand tons; and the obvious course—as the Admiralty seem at last to have discovered—is to build vessels of many different classes for different purposes, in some of which one valuable quality is to a certain extent sacrificed, in others a different quality, in order to admit of that reduction of tonnage which would be otherwise impossible. The conditions to be reconciled as nearly as may be, are—first, speed; secondly, buoyancy sufficient to carry a large armament of guns well above the water, and to stow coals, stores, and ammunition; thirdly, good sailing powers and sea-going qualities, to make the ship independent of coals when on a long voyage; and, lastly, the utmost attainable degree of protection from shot.

In the second-class frigates of the *Defence* and *Resistance* type, some speed is sacrificed, and the plating is partial, as in the *Warrior* and *Black Prince*. In Captain COLES' ships—at least in the one under construction at present—some speed, and almost all sea-going requisites, are given up to attain great powers of resistance and adaptability to harbour defences. But we have not yet any small vessels in which the power of cruising in any waters is combined with even the smallest modicum of armour defence. It is to supply this want that the new gun-boat, the *Enterprise*, is said to be designed, and it is easy to lay down the only terms on which the required compromise between the almost inconsistent conditions of the problem can be made. If a small ship is to cruise, she must sail, and sail well, and can only rely on her little store of coals for pressing emergencies. She must not be sunk deep in the water—at any rate, not as a permanent arrangement—or she would often be unable to work her guns. She must have sufficient speed under steam, if she is to be able to escape the formidable steam rams and frigates which could crush her with a single blow. If these conditions are indispensable, some protection must be given up, and we must content ourselves with armour which will save our gunboat from destruction by a single shot, and guard the crew against the wholesale slaughter produced by shells. This much is attainable, because it is only by striking between wind and water, or thereabouts, that a single shot can send a vessel to the bottom; while the armour necessary to keep out shells (as at present constructed) need not be of any great weight. A strong line of plates of moderate breadth all round the water line, with a thinner casing in the upper works, would probably make such a vessel at least as safe now as an old-fashioned man-of-war was against the artillery of fifty years ago; and as this can, it seems, be combined with all the other requisites of a good cruiser, the creation of a large fleet of vessels of this class will go far to supply the most dangerous deficiency of our navy. No one could counsel any slackness in the formation of a powerful fleet of first-class vessels, in which every requisite shall be combined; but the apparent determination of the Admiralty to supplement the defences of the country with the best armoured cruisers, of moderate tonnage, which it is practicable to build, is all the more satisfactory from the neglect with which this important matter had previously been treated.

#### M. CHEVALIER'S MEXICAN IDEA.

THE friends of peace and human brotherhood have of late been making some strange exhibitions of themselves. The member for Birmingham has long been conspicuous as a staunch apologist for a singularly ferocious civil conflict, and now we see enlightened philanthropy, in the person of M. MICHEL CHEVALIER, advocating with extraordinary zeal a wholly unnecessary war of aggression. We are not aware to what extent M. CHEVALIER's recent lucubrations on Mexico in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* are to be taken as embodying an actual Napoleonic Idea, or whether they simply represent that cynical contempt for the rights of independent communities, and that inordinate appetite for national aggrandizement, which we have long since found to be compatible, in a certain class of French political theorists, with unbounded professions of disinterested benevolence. Either way, the essays referred to constitute a curious psychological study. M. CHEVALIER is a member of the Peace Society, a scientific economist, a

friend and coadjutor of Mr. CORNWALLIS, and an advanced Liberal of the most advanced school; yet he has no difficulty in writing up a war of invasion and conquest for the honour and glory of the great nation which Providence and NAPOLEON III. have invested with the protectorate of the Latin race and the Catholic religion. It is evidently no drawback, in his eyes, on the merits of the scheme, that it incidentally involves a glaring violation both of the letter and spirit of a formal international compact.

The gist of M. CHEVALIER's argument is that Mexico is about the finest country in the world, in climate, productions, and geographical position, for the seat of a great empire, and that it is the mission of Imperial France to assist a distracted people to utilize their incomparable natural advantages by providing them with a sovereign. As for the tripartite Convention of last October, which defined the objects and limits of European intervention in that country, he treats it with utter contempt. The notion of French troops going to Mexico merely to exact reparation for wrongs and insults inflicted on French subjects, he summarily dismisses as unworthy of a great nation, though this, and nothing else, was the professed purpose of the enterprise. He is equally clear that France has contracted no honourable obligations to the allies whose aid she voluntarily accepted. He makes no positive objection to the presence of an English contingent on the scene of action, though he contrives to edge in an offensive remark about British "vandalism" in China; but it was a fatal error to have anything to do with Spain. If the French had gone alone, all would have been plain sailing; but unfortunately the Spaniards are totally detested in Mexico, and the deadly antipathies aroused by the sight of their hated flag are necessarily reflected on their allies. Should the Spanish troops re-embark for Cuba in pursuance of the Convention of Soledad, it will be as good as a reinforcement of ten thousand men; and, of course, if they persist in remaining, the difficulty of acting with such allies must be neutralized by a corresponding augmentation of the French expeditionary force. In plain English, France has ends of her own to serve in Mexico, and feels herself hindered rather than helped by the presence of independent coadjutors. The ulterior objects of the enterprise, as indicated by M. CHEVALIER, are entirely consistent with this ostentatious contempt for the engagements which formed the basis of the triple alliance. It is assumed, in the pleasantest way in the world, that the special purpose of the expedition is precisely that which was expressly disavowed in a public international compact—namely, to direct "the choice of a prince to whom shall be offered the new throne to be erected in Mexico." M. CHEVALIER affects to call this a "delicate" matter, but he disposes of it without any delicacy whatever. Of course, the Allies "will abstain from imposing on the Mexicans such or such a sovereign; they do not intend even to compel them to change their form of government, but will leave them perfectly free to do what they please." Nevertheless, as he justly remarks, "the Allies, once at Mexico, will give advice," and "advice offered by conquerors bears some slight resemblance to a command, and is not unlikely to be so taken." Nothing can be truer or more to the purpose; and our philosophic Liberal frankly accepts the practical conclusion that the European conquerors of Mexico will dictate her future form of government, and furnish her with a sovereign of their own choosing.

After this, it would clearly be a very idle affectation to pretend a doubt as to the person on whom the suffrages of the Mexican people will fall. The result of a popular election, when there is only one possible candidate, can be calculated with reasonable certainty; and it only remains to consider whether the choice is likely to prove a fortunate one. M. CHEVALIER is inclined, on the whole, to think favourably of the Archduke MAXIMILIAN's personal qualifications to "inaugurate the Mexican crown." His Austrian nationality, however, will be sadly against him with that semi-Indian population which M. CHEVALIER insists on promoting to the dignity of a "Latin race;" and he has also the misfortune of belonging to a family which once gave sovereigns to Spain. It will be indispensably necessary, therefore, that the new "Emperor"—for such is to be his style and title—should not offend the susceptibilities of his subjects at the outset by reminding them of his ill-omened parentage. He must on no account take over with him a single Austrian soldier or functionary of any description. And here a question arises of the gravest importance, which M. CHEVALIER meets with charming candour. The newly

elected Emperor will stand in need of a certain amount of extraneous military assistance to keep him on a throne which otherwise would not last six months. Where is this indispensable military assistance to come from? The answer may be readily divined. "We must not dissimulate. It is to be feared that this onerous task will have to be performed by France." It is greatly to be regretted, but there is no help for it. England will adhere to her insular traditions of non-intervention, and will never spare a man for such a purpose; and Spain, for reasons already indicated, is not to be thought of. "The admirable discipline of our soldiers," and, above all, "the evident disinterestedness of our policy," irresistibly point to France as the Power which must uphold the Mexican Monarchy that is to be, until that remote and indefinite period when it will be strong enough to stand alone. It is most unfortunate that France should have no option but to burden herself with a costly and troublesome responsibility for the benefit of others; but a great Imperial nation must accept with a good grace duties which it cannot honourably renounce. Perhaps, however, after all, there will be no real occasion for regret. Mexico will not always be poor, and as soon as her empty treasury shall begin to replenish itself, it is unnecessary to say who will have the first lien on its contents. "The expenses of an occupation entirely in the interest of the Mexican nation will be defrayed by it." Thus, disinterested services will at length be handsomely rewarded, and the generous guardians of Mexican independence may ultimately find themselves in pocket by the transaction.

A war of aggression for the purpose of forcing on a conquered people a sovereign who will be unable to keep his seat without the aid of foreign troops is an enterprise which needs to be recommended by very lofty considerations of policy and public morality. M. CHEVALIER is not unequal to the demands of the occasion. He discovers the most admirable reasons for a course of action which is unquestionably inconsistent with vulgar notions of right and wrong. The projected Austro-Gallo-Mexican Monarchy will not only redress the balance of power in the New World (which is just now in imminent danger from the restless ambition of the Cotton-planters of the Gulf States), but it will exhibit France to mankind in the proud character of protectress of those Latin and Catholic nations of which she is the "eldest sister." It is impossible that the great French nation, which claims to be "the organ of the Latin races of Europe" and of the whole world, can witness with indifference the anarchy and decay of that remarkably pure Latin population which inhabits Central America; and it is equally impossible that the elder sister can permit a domestic obligation to be discharged by any junior member of the family. It is on these transcendental grounds of political and ecclesiastical ethnology that M. CHEVALIER's countrymen are called upon to plunge into a war which, to the ordinary apprehensions of mankind, is thoroughly immoral, profoundly selfish, and altogether gratuitous. We abstain from inquiring how the other European members of the Latin and Catholic family—on each of whom M. CHEVALIER goes on to bestow a patronizing or admonitory word—will relish a theory which thrusts them down into the rank of satellites and dependents of Imperial France.

Whether or not this ingenious speculation proceeds from any other inspiration than the fancy of the illustrious friend of his species under whose name it is given to the world, it is satisfactory to believe that England is and will remain free from all complicity in schemes for forcing a Government on the people of Mexico. No Englishman has the faintest desire to cultivate any other than trading relations with the Latin and Catholic population of that part of the world; and M. CHEVALIER is quite correct in assuming that this country will contentedly forego both the honour and the cost of bolstering up an Austrian monarchy on the other side of the Atlantic. If France is really going to war for the "idea" of the Archduke MAXIMILIAN, the Latin race, and the Catholic religion, we can afford to await, without a particle of jealousy, the issue of one of the very oddest projects that ever took the shape of a serious political enterprise. Meanwhile, we are indebted to M. CHEVALIER for a singularly complete specimen of the unprincipled cant which is the favourite dialect of the philanthropic votaries of military despotism.

#### THE IRISH PARTY AND THE OPPOSITION.

THERE is a certain pleasure, as well as importance, in being able to turn the scale between two evenly matched antagonists. The particular feather which breaks

the back of the camel gets the credit of being a much heavier feather than any of its fellows. The chairman of a vestry meeting when the votes are equal—the ten voters who are sagacious enough to remain unpolled at a quarter to four, on the afternoon of a hotly contested election—the French Zouaves at Inkermann—the Prussian Hussars at Waterloo—all claim the credit of gaining the victory to which everybody admits that they essentially contributed. It is useless to say that one vote is as good as another, or that those who have borne the heat and labour of the day are entitled to at least as large a share of glory as those who only come in at the finish. The chairman who decides the fate of a church-rate by his casting vote is the idol of one party and the abomination of the other for the rest of the year; the ten unpolled voters sell themselves for twice as much as they could have done four hours earlier in the day; and a Frenchman or a Prussian expects us to believe that the victories of Inkermann or Waterloo were due entirely to his countrymen.

It is their consciousness of this ability to decide the fate of two nearly-balanced parties, and their determination to turn it to good account, that constitutes the strength of the Irish party in the House of Commons. Numbering among themselves every shade of political partisans, from the cautious Conservatism of Mr. HENNESSY to the rampant Radicalism of Mr. MAGUIRE, they understand the invaluable art of acting together when any great occasion demands it. Ten or twelve years ago, they were united by the common bond of Irish interests and Irish sympathies. If an Irishman had been fined five shillings by a metropolitan magistrate for being drunk or for biting somebody's nose off, or for indulging in any other little playful freak of a similar nature—if a hardy Saxon had ventured to insinuate that the Irish famine had been partly caused by Irish improvidence, and partly relieved by English benevolence—the Irish Brigade rose like one man, and denounced the offender as a disgrace to humanity. Practically, there was no very great harm in these ebullitions of patriotism. Our representative system professes to include everybody; and Irishmen might with justice contend that, if they did not praise themselves, there would be no one to perform that important office for them. We were content, until they violated all restraints both of law and decency, to let the O'BRIENS, and MITCHELLS, and MEAGHERS of other days hug themselves in the belief that Irishmen were the noblest of martyrs, and Englishmen the vilest of tyrants, that could be ransacked from the store-house of universal history.

The watchword which combines the Irish party of the present day is an infinitely more mischievous one. Sir GEORGE BOWYER, Mr. HENNESSY, and Mr. MAGUIRE, all obey only one impulse. They are sold, body and soul, to one cause, and that cause is the temporal power of the POPE. Of course, in all this they only speak the sentiments of those to whom they owe their seats. The Leinster priests curse, and their flocks cudgel, those unfortunate Catholics who will not give their votes to support that precious institution; and the result is that the county of Longford, yielding to the anathemas of the one and the shillelals of the other, returns to Parliament a gentleman whose sole merit seems to be that he ran away at Castel-Fidardo. We in England know very well that nothing can be more absurd than to treat the struggle of the Italians for that unity which they cannot attain without Rome as a crusade against Catholicism, or to suspect a whole party, which numbers in its ranks divines like Father PASSAGLIA, of heterodox tendencies. We know, too, that if anything could tend to impart a religious character to that struggle, it is the obstinacy of the head of the Church, who is bent upon setting his own will in direct opposition to the current of a nation's wishes, and who, rather than lose his temporal crown, is willing to jeopardise his spiritual power also. But upon the majority of the Irish Catholics these arguments are entirely lost. They see, in the fall of the Holy Father, even from the miserable throne which he now occupies, the ruin of their faith, and the triumph of their bitterest enemies; and they are willing to support any party which will assist in averting so dire a calamity.

The leaders of the Tory party are far too sagacious not to see this opening, or, seeing it, to neglect it. Mr. DISRAELI no doubt thinks that a party which can count some thirty or forty votes in a division is cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of one principle, if such a sacrifice be necessary. Hitherto, he and his leader have only twice called attention to the affairs of Italy. In each case it has been for the purpose of denouncing the Italian Government and exalting its enemies. We will do even Mr. DISRAELI the credit to



believe that, if he thought his purpose could be effected by simply saying nothing, he would be glad to adopt that comparatively decent way of doing it; and we attribute to some such feeling as this his marked absence from the House on the night of Sir GEORGE BOWYER's famous motion. But his organs of the press are either less nice or more honest. Day after day, and week after week, they treat us to descriptions of the brigandage now unhappily going on in the Neapolitan territory, in which CROCCO and CHIATONE are painted in the colours of TELL and HOFER. The cut-throats who, under the thin veil of a political cause, issue from their den in the Papal States to mutilate men and violate women—who cut off the moustachios of their victims and wear them as trophies or chatelaines—figure in these journals as fine honest peasants of the true Apulian bone and breed, a little rough perhaps, but still noble open-hearted fellows, until goaded to madness by the myrmidons of justice. It is difficult to believe that these journals are not in some way inspired by the Tory leaders themselves. The influence of the Catholic priesthood gained for them Birkenhead and Preston—it all but gained for them Carlisle; and we know that, in its present temper, the Catholic priesthood is accessible to one bribe only—that bribe being the maintenance of the Papal power in all its integrity. The bargain is a tempting one, and it is scarcely in the nature of an Opposition leader to resist it.

But is not this a somewhat dangerous game? The vast majority of Englishmen, Conservatives as well as Liberals—with the exception of a portion of the aristocracy and a few fanatics who think an Austrian alliance better than twenty *Merrimacs* and *Monitors* put together—have little sympathy for the BOURBONS, and still less for the POPE. The honest country gentleman of the SPOONER-NEUDEGATE type may hate revolutions, but he hates Rome more. There is something too in the Italian movement which appeals to the Conservative sympathy with order, almost as much as to a Liberal's sympathy with liberty. By playing into the hands of Sir GEORGE BOWYER, Mr. DISRAELI may gain a few votes in the House, but he will certainly lose much ground in the country. Those who are in the secret, perhaps, may rest satisfied that, if Lord DERBY came to office, the instinct of self-preservation would compel him to pursue towards Italy the same policy as the present Government. But certainly nothing is so likely to mar his political prospects as these half-avowed, half-disguised sympathies with a cause which the people of this country view with increasing distrust and dislike.

#### AN UNPOETIC VISIT TO STRATFORD.

IN the course of a late ramble through various parts of England, a variety of attractions combined to lead us to the famous town of Stratford-on-Avon. We will not deny that one chief motive was a wish to see with our own eyes what it was over which such a shout of triumph has just been raised—to know whether, at the sight of New Place, our own pulse would or would not "beat" as "Shakspearianly" as the pulse of Mr. Fullom or Mr. Halliwell. We might perhaps have erred when writing far from the hallowed spot itself. We might not have made due allowance for the probable effect of treading the streets where Shakspeare once walked, of pausing in veneration on the bridge which he crossed, of gazing on the house which, indeed, Shakspeare never saw, but which is made holy by concealing a piece of the foundation of the house in which he lived. To be sure, the connexion between ourselves and Shakspeare is at New Place pretty well reduced to the connexion which we once heard a preacher establish between ourselves and Abraham. The divine, in the fervour of his rhetoric, bade us reflect how wonderful a thing it was that the same sun should be now shining upon us which shone upon Abraham on the plains of Mamre. To our worldly mind, indeed, it would have seemed much more wonderful had it been a different sun, but we suppose that our instructor had been rather disappointed not to find somewhere in the Books of Kings that about this time Helios the First slept with his fathers, and Helios the Second reigned in his stead. We gathered from Mr. Halliwell's description that the direct witnesses of the presence of Shakspeare at New Place were hardly more in number than the direct witnesses of the presence of Abraham at Mamre. There was a bit of a foundation at New Place, and we believe that there is a bit of an oak at Mamre. In either case, the identity of the sun would be the strongest point of connexion. But we wished to prove whether, on the spot itself, this seemingly vague identity might not kindle into something more living, and whether under its genial warmth we might not rouse ourselves to a genuine Shakspearian beating. And, if we failed at New Place, still we were not without hope—we might succeed better in "the Birthplace," or in the choir of Stratford Church, where the poet himself actually lies. So we set out determined to do our very best, stirring up our resolutions to beat as Shakspearianly as we possibly could, and to rise to the highest degree of enthusiasm which we could get up within the few hours at our disposal.

Shakspeare, as we learn from Mr. Fullom, left Stratford on foot. We confess with shame, as a mark of the degeneracy of the age, that we both entered and left it by railway. Mr. Halliwell, we have no doubt, always enters Stratford barefoot, or at any rate with peas in his shoes. But such discipline is only for strong men. We are but babes, and such bodily discomforts might possibly have made our pulse less disposed for the proper beating than ever. But we did, for the sake of greater ease and leisure, reject the aid of the rattling and rumbling omnibus, and walked from one railway station to the other. It showed our weakness—for we should not have been thinking of such sublunary things—that we could not help wondering why the two stations were not rolled into one, and even grumbling when we found that it cost half as much again as it does anywhere else to carry our goods from one to the other. We firmly but gently protested, and quoted the practice of all the rest of England—"I dare say it is so, but we're obliged." Let us at least hope that the obligation is of a Shakspearian kind. Let us believe that a third of the proceeds of the omnibus is devoted to pulling down the Stratford theatre, or to some other purpose which proves the pulse of the owner to be in the healthy state which becomes a fellow-citizen of the Swan of Avon. We walked then through the streets of Stratford, and we felt half guilty at our prosaic satisfaction in finding those streets remarkably clean, wide, and airy. We forced ourselves; we dwelt in imagination on the dunghills which were there in the days of good Queen Bess; we regretted that there was no room for a Shakspearian influence on our nose as well as on our pulse. We were half inclined to think that it is the present prosaic merits of Stratford which prevent Stratford from producing more Shakspeares. Genius requires to be cabined, cribbed, and confined, and nowhere is a man less cabined or cribbed than in a town which may fairly claim the Homeric epithet of Mycenæ. We marked here and there many little signs of reverence for the hero of the spot. Shakspeare was to be seen in every window where Shakspeare could be displayed, but, alas! the fairest objects cast a shadow; Eros is pursued by Anteros, the sublime and the ridiculous often dwell near together, and so, wherever Shakspeare appears, Halliwell tracks his footsteps. The National Shakspearian Fund is ominously placarded on every wall. This and that, no doubt distinguished, though to us unknown person, has kindly consented to read, perform, or lecture for its benefit. Yet we fear that the true Shakspearian spirit has not yet duly leavened the masses. Among the inns—we beg pardon, hotels—of the town, we did not hesitate in quartering ourselves at that which bore Shakspeare's own name. Not even the sign of Falstaff hanging in vivid colours over the street could compare with the attractions of the bard himself. To be sure, Falstaff seemed to preside only over a rather shabby public-house, but we trust no one will wrong us so far as to set that down as our motive. Well, at Shakspeare's own sign we made our simple meal, attended by a not particularly neat-handed Phyllis (though here, by the way, we are stumbling into Milton instead of Shakspeare), who could tell us absolutely nothing about New Place, and seemed to have very faint notions where New Place was. That much, however, we learned from the landlord, and we sallied forth to meditate. We saw a substantial house, and on its door were the remains of two printed placards. One assured us that the house was, as it certainly looked, "well suited for the residence of a professional gentleman." The other told us how here "the Immortal Bard put off his mortal coil." We suppose we were not wrong in ascribing one to the unpoetic mind of the local attorney or house-agent, and the other to the genius of Mr. Halliwell himself. The house looked much like other houses, but to the eye of faith it concealed a bit of the foundation of the house which was Shakspeare's. From this not remarkable-looking house a not remarkable-looking wall runs on to the corner of the street, turns the corner, and goes on till it meets a few cottages and the proscribed theatre. We gazed, but we gazed in vain; we could not get up a Shakspearian beating for the life of us. Had the whole Shakspearian Fund been offered as our reward, we could not have gone through even a sham beating with decent hypocrisy. We confess that the sight from the street was so little tempting that we did not even ask for admission within the wall. So, whether our pulse would have reached a proper state at the sight of the bit of foundation must remain a problem. We turned away unconverted. We were still too dense to see how Shakspeare would be honoured by pulling down a theatre where Shakspeare's plays might be acted, or even by pulling down a tidy house where the professional gentleman, after the fatigues of the day, might read Shakspeare, or at least Bowdler, to a delighted family circle. We could not bring ourselves to understand how either the players or the professional gentleman at all desecrated the hallowed ground, or what Stratford, England, or the world would gain by the loss of two useful and harmless, if not particularly ornamental structures. In short, we went away the same stiff-necked heathens that we came, looking upon New Place as a take-in, and the National Shakspearian Fund as a humbug.

At New Place, then, we utterly failed to call up the faintest Shakspearian beating. At "the Birthplace" we were more successful; and in the church more successful still. This is just the difference between real relics and sham relics. As long as Shakspeare's house and Shakspeare's mulberry-tree existed at New Place, so long New Place had real relics of Shakspeare to show. As long as they existed, every Englishman was interested in their preservation. The man who cut down the mulberry-tree and pulled down the house was simply a savage. But they are gone, and we cannot replace them. Let Mr. Halliwell root up and plant, let him pull down and build up, to his heart's content—still he cannot get us

back either Shakspeare's house or Shakspeare's tree. Very likely Mr. Halliwell may lay out the garden with more taste than the professional gentleman, but the garden will not be Shakspeare's garden, but Mr. Halliwell's. Let him run up the most elegant of palisades instead of the somewhat ugly wall—the palisade will be no more Shakspeare's than the wall is. When he has grubbed up the theatre and the professional gentleman's house, the utmost which he will have to show will be two or three stones, which most likely Shakspeare never saw. The whole scheme, in short, seems to tend infinitely more to the glory of Mr. Halliwell, whose name might otherwise perish, than to the glory of Shakspeare, which will hardly be seriously affected by a professional gentleman continuing to live quietly on the site where his house once stood.

We turn from sham relics to the true. The house in which Shakspeare was born, if genuine—and we see no reason to doubt its genuineness—is a real relic of the highest interest. Every one will be anxious for its preservation—every one will be glad to find that it is duly preserved and cared for. Only we do not know why the decent woman who lets you in should bear so queer and un-English a title as "Custodian." Surely Mr. Halliwell must have been busy at "the Birthplace," as well as at New Place. Real relics, again, are the simple entries of Shakspeare's baptism and burial in the parish register; and real, above all, is his tomb and effigy, the direct contemporary memorial of the man himself. Far from admirable as a work of art, utterly incongruous with the architecture of the noble choir in which it stands, it is still the monument of Shakspeare—the memorial by which his own friends and kinsfolk marked his last resting-place. As such, it is an object which no Englishman can look at without interest and veneration. Whatever is left of the mortal Shakspeare is there. His dust is beneath your feet—his effigy looks down on you from the wall. We need neither Shakspearian Jubilees nor Shakspearian Funds—we need neither Halliwell's nor Fullom's, on such a spot. Whether our pulse beat Shakspearially, we do not know; but we do know that in the choir of Stratford church, we had something of the feeling of being brought, as near as may be, face to face with one of the greatest of mankind.

The church in which Shakspeare is buried is a noble building, well worthy of its former collegiate rank. There are also some minor antiquities worthy of attention, as the Guild chapel, close by New Place, and some of the picturesque wooden houses—Shakspeare's own birthplace being one—so characteristic of Warwickshire and the neighbouring counties. The position of the church close to the Avon, especially as seen from the opposite side, is singularly beautiful, save for the presence of an enormous mill. Even had Shakspeare not begun and ended his days there, Stratford would be a town by no means void of interest. It is a pity to vulgarize it, as Mr. Halliwell's schemes must infallibly vulgarize it, into still more of a show-place than it is at present.

From Stratford we made our way to another neighbouring town, where our meditations were all our own. Mr. Halliwell has, indeed, edited the *Chronicle of Rishanger*, and he has in his Introduction misquoted a piece of Greek over the body of the martyr of Evesham. But he has not set up a National Montfortian Fund, nor has he vexed the repose of Simon the Righteous with more than two or three lines of his tawdry rhetoric. All visible memorials of the local hero have as utterly vanished from Evesham as they have vanished from Waltham and from Crowland. But while England is still a land of freemen, Harold and Waltheof and Simon need neither tomb nor obelisk. The monument alike of the vanquished Simon and the victorious Edward is a work greater than the work of Shakspeare himself—the constitution and the laws of England. Both heroes may forgive us, if, in musing on their own work on their own ground, we followed their doings into minute detail. A spot so connected with the Founder of the Boroughs of England led us to conjure up the ghosts of departed Reform Bills. We began to wonder why it had never occurred to any Reformer, either of the thirteenth or of the nineteenth century, to transfer one at least of the representatives of Evesham to the more populous and, to all appearance, at least equally flourishing town of Stratford.

#### GOVERNMENT PREMIUM FOR DUNCES.

THE Education controversy is so imbedded in class-interests, and touches so many persons in their tenderest part—the pocket—that it seems almost a novelty to approach it from a purely educational point of view. While managers and teachers are calculating their probable loss of income, there is some danger of losing sight of considerations which are of higher and paramount importance. Will Education suffer or benefit by the projected change? Is that change likely to stimulate or enfeeble the efforts of teachers? Will it impair or improve the quality of instruction in elementary schools? These are the questions to which the friends of education must hope that the House of Commons will require a satisfactory answer, before assenting to the adoption of the thrice-revised Code.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Lowe's scheme, as it stood previously to the late debate, had at least the merit of being a stimulus of a very potent kind. If it could have been brought into operation without closing half the assisted schools in the kingdom, it would have been an efficacious test of the mettle of the teacher and the soundness of his work. But can the same be said of the mutilated and emasculated bantling whose fate Parliament is now about to decide, and upon which even its official parent must look with anything but an eye of affection? There has now been time to

scan its features, and to consider the nature and tendency of Mr. Lowe's new proposals. In the place of the present system of appropriated grants to teachers, there is to be a maintenance-grant, one-third of which is to depend on the average attendance. As to the impolicy of rewarding by State-aid mere attendance without examination, Mr. Lowe himself has furnished very cogent arguments. Once admit the practice of granting to the same school a certain sum for mere attendance, and another for attendance and examination combined, and the result will be that the former sum will come to be regarded as a certainty, while it will be for the latter only that a proper equivalent will be obtained. What is wanted is not merely to get children to school, but to see that they attend school to some purpose. In almost every school a portion of the scholars is to be found deriving little or no profit from their instruction. It is anything but wise to let these count for as much, in regard to a third of the Government grant, as the best scholars whom the school can show—to put its dregs so far on a par with its flowers. For any salutary stimulus, therefore, to the work of education, we must look wholly to the conditions on which the remaining two-thirds of the maintenance grant are to depend. There is to be an individual examination, no longer according to age, but regulated by six standard examinations, ranging from that "easy narrative" with which Mr. Lowe first sought to vex the infant intelligence, to that which he seems to consider the crown and coping-stone of all primary education—the power of reading a newspaper. The scholars are to be presented by the managers as they choose, according to one of these six standards, with the understanding that no child will be permitted to pass again at the same school upon the same standard of examination. We doubt whether anything which has yet emanated from the recesses of the Council Office exhibits more strongly the theoretic proclivities of its rulers. It seems to be supposed by those who have propounded this carefully graduated system of examination, that the labouring man's boy attends at school in much the same way as the young gentleman who is sent to Harrow or Eton. The migratory character of his attendance is wholly lost sight of. Each year a school for the children of the poor to a great extent renews itself. Each year it receives a fresh influx of new-comers and seceders from other schools. In schools under inspection, forty per cent. of the scholars attend at the same school less than a year. The application of Mr. Lowe's latest system of examination to an attendance of this kind will be simply this—that it will be practically inoperative so far as the higher of the six standards are concerned. The bulk of the children will be, year after year, presented for the two lowest standards of examination. The managers will be able to count from year to year upon a fresh supply of recruits competent to reach that humble and unpretentious level of attainments. They will quietly get rid of all who cannot be trusted to stand the test of the higher standard of the succeeding year, and the incapables will disappear before the inspection comes round again. Instead of aiming at graduating the instruction throughout his school, a teacher will naturally concentrate all his attention on those of his pupils who promise to be most remunerative to his employers. His life will be spent in getting together for the day of inspection as numerous a muster as possible of scholars capable of just scraping through the lowest examination. The value of the dunce—the boy who, at fourteen, can shuffle through easy narrative and work a sum in simple addition—will at once become apparent. If this be the employment designed by Mr. Lowe for the certificated master, the function of the inspector under the new arrangements promises to be no less peculiar. It will be his pleasing task to be continually putting the same Jack Styles or Tom Nokes through the same examination in a different school, and allowing the grant to managers a second or third time on his account. The same boy who, by passing on the lowest standard, has brought in 8s. to the managers of the National School in April, will leave prematurely to do the same kindly office by the British School in November. We should not wonder if a whole class of these peripatetic and remunerative scholars should spring into existence, and become a perennial monument of Mr. Lowe's memorable Vice-presidency of the Committee of Council.

It is impossible to look forward to the working of a scheme of this kind without serious misgivings. The principle of making the stupid backward boy as remunerative to a school as the industrious and well-instructed boy is a dangerous one with which to inoculate the minds of school-managers and teachers. The spectacle of the lout of fourteen passing an examination fit for a child of six, and thereby obtaining a grant for the school, will be far from edifying, and did not at any rate deserve actual encouragement. We are convinced that, in abandoning the grouping by age, Mr. Lowe quitted the only solid ground under his feet, and that the tendency of the system of examination substituted for it will be to degrade the standard of education all over the country.

So long as Mr. Lowe clung to his theory of paying for results only, and results in a very narrow sense, he was logically right in proposing to abolish the appropriated payments to teachers hitherto made by the Committee of Council. While he contended that good reading and writing could be produced just as a good hat or a good shoe is produced, he was right to offer no payment on the part of the State for anything but the result required. But now he has been forced to recede from this extreme position. Pledged to a serious inroad on his own pet principle, he had to decide what his tub to the whale should be. On the one hand, he might attempt to buy off the opposition of managers by the offer



of a loose and wasteful grant of the public money, independent of any individual examination. On the other, he might have saved his own principle of individual examination intact, by merely consenting to retain a portion of the State-aid for the machinery of teaching in schools, as the grant of pupil-teachers. It is much to be regretted that he has not at the eleventh hour chosen the latter alternative. Nothing would have gone so far to conciliate the body of managers, since nothing in the Revised Code has excited their apprehensions so much as the prospect of having themselves to provide salaries for their subordinate teachers. We are utterly at a loss to see why, as a matter of principle, the State ought suddenly to refuse any grant for the machinery by which a school is conducted. If it is to aid schools at all, why not aid them as it best can, by providing an efficient staff of teachers? Why is not the State to assist, as societies or individuals assist? If you want to raise the spiritual condition of a destitute and neglected parish, you provide a good hard-working curate to preach and visit there. If you are establishing a scheme for missionary operations, you don't offer a premium for every Kafir or Malay who can say the Lord's Prayer or the Ten Commandments, but you provide a supply of competent religious instructors. But this mode of aid, it is said, ought only to be adopted in the infancy of a system. A time arrives when you must pass from providing machinery to paying for results. Granting that this is so, will Mr. Lowe, armed at all points as he is with a canon of political economy, undertake to prove that, as regards national education, matters are ripe for the change? The present system has only been in operation for the last fifteen years, and, though there are many points wanting amendment, there is nothing to justify a wholesale revolution. Reduce, if you will, your grants for machinery, and gradually extend, without pushing to absurd lengths, the principle of payment for results. No one but a confident theorist would have ever sought to wrench the course of State-aid suddenly from one channel to the other.

The only argument for a violent change—freely hazarded at the opening of the Education debates—consisted in the allegation that the present system was a failure. This it has been triumphantly shown not to be. The limited induction of a single inspector was relied on to prove that it was successfully educating only a fourth part of those it professed to educate. It has been conclusively shown that the proportion is much nearer one-half. Or, to put it in another way, it has been shown to be doing all that can be done under the present conditions of school attendance, and educating those who stay long enough to be educated. When Lord Granville and Mr. Lowe are driven to support their indictment of the present system by such evidence as the imperfect reading of a militia regiment, the men of which probably had been at an early age sent to field-work, they must have indeed felt their case to be a weak one. We are far from thinking the existing arrangements perfect. The present capitation grant has always appeared to us an abuse and blot on the system. It ought never to have been allowed, except upon an individual examination of the children for whose account it was claimed. Had Mr. Lowe been less ambitious, he would have been content with applying a remedy to this and other defects, and have signalized his tenure of the Education Office by judicious reforms instead of an abortive revolution.

#### THE PRINCE CONSORT'S MEMORIAL.

WITH characteristic good sense and high feeling, the Sovereign has withdrawn the sanction which she was induced to give some little time since to a monolith obelisk as Prince Albert's most fitting memorial. And it is due to Her Majesty to acknowledge the rare tact and delicacy which she has displayed throughout this vexatious discussion. It was not possible for the Queen to interfere with what was supposed to be the wish of the Executive Committee; but, at the first moment in which she could exercise her own admirable sense of responsibility, she did what she could to secure the best advice by placing herself in the hands of such persons as Lords Clarendon and Derby, the Lord Mayor, and Sir Charles Eastlake, representing as they did the highest and most diverse interests. And now that the course is clear, Her Majesty has, with her usual wisdom, conciliated the artistic taste and judgment of those who are judges in art— and whose opinions the obelisk scheme had so rudely defied—by her sound and judicious advice, that “the foremost architects,” and, we presume, artists “of the day should be consulted” on the ultimate design of the memorial. We are not sure what this intimation is intended to convey—whether it points to a competition to be adjudged by professional experts, or whether it advises that a design should be agreed upon by the Committee of Taste, on considerations independent of the actual amount of the subscriptions. There may be difficulties in a competition and in selecting the judges, especially while the amount of the subscription is uncertain. It is something like working in a vicious circle to show that the subscription depends upon the design, and the design upon the subscription. We are in such matters almost at a dead lock; for we cannot call out the very best design while it is uncertain what we have to spend, and yet it is equally true that a design of first-rate excellence would at once increase the subscription list enormously. The best course would, we think, be to let the design precede the completion of the subscription. We have sufficient faith in English spirit, and in the cause itself, to believe that the money would be forthcoming freely and abundantly if only art makes a worthy demand upon patriotism; and it ought to be a point

of honour with us all to assist Her Majesty's pious wish in honouring one whom the country deprecates with almost filial affection.

We do not pretend to disguise our satisfaction that we are to hear no more of the monolith. As soon as the obelisk was talked about, we criticised the notion with as much freedom as we felt that circumstances permitted; but the form in which the proposal for the monolith obelisk eventually came before the world rendered open discussion impossible. Yet the impressive, though silent, condemnation which educated public opinion pronounced, effectually settled the question. It is not for us to rake up the history of the influences which are supposed to have been concentrated on the realization of this project. The Society of Arts gave the signal, and the *Times* repeated the sound. A little more worldly wisdom would, however, have induced the projectors to make more sure of the possibilities before publishing their scheme. Under the melancholy circumstances in which the Memorial originated, the public would have consented to wait patiently, if only assured that inquiries were on foot as to the merits of a definite scheme to be hereafter announced. It does not so patiently take the disappointment, involving Crown as well as people, which follows the leap before the look, in the enforced and open abandonment of a project divulged with such needless precipitancy. We are not overstating facts when we say distinctly that, in the whole world of art, the condemnation of the Obelisk Memorial was both general and unmitigated. The Lord Mayor has been good enough to give us a lecture on high art; but whatever may be the value of his Egyptian precedents, art was never high in Egypt, even when Egypt was at its height. In Greek art, the obelisk is unknown; and the Romans, copyists as they were, only imported old obelisks, but never ventured on the anachronism in art and religion of a new one. There is probably not a person of taste in England who would venture to defend the adoption of an obelisk as a mortuary memorial. If such a one exists, at any rate he has not appeared, except in the person of the Lord Mayor; and even he owns that all England is against him. And one result—indeed, the immediate result—of the decision presented as the Royal wish, was an instant pause in the subscriptions. At 40,000*l.* or thereabouts the list remained stationary, and though it may be impossible to prove that the announcement of the obelisk froze up the genial current of public sympathy, yet it is at least curious that it began to flow again at the first hint that the obelisk was abandoned. The fact is, that many declined to give to an object so barbarous as that of cumbering the earth with a great stone; and it may be feared that many would still decline to give, unless there were some guarantee that the money would not be wasted on some other treason to art. Whatever form of memorial is decided upon, happily none can be so bad as the obelisk; and we are sure that, instead of soliciting penny subscriptions from working men—which is the course that the Society of Arts apparently consider respectful to the Crown and to the lamented Prince—a good design, and a committee of taste in which the world of art could repose some confidence, would at once unlock many a subscription which might never have been forthcoming had things continued to be managed as they have been hitherto. Indeed, the Queen already announces that something like this is essential to the completion of the scheme.

For present blessings, however, let us be grateful. The Island of Mull, faithful to its name, has turned out a failure; and it is now discovered, though late, even by the *savans* of the Society of Arts, that “some five-and-twenty thousand pounds, which would have been spent on the transit”—in the language of the gods and penny-a-liners, or, as we should say, “in the carriage”—“of this huge stone, may be more worthily expended on the memorial itself.” We and others said so from the very first; but the resipiscence, though tardy, of the authorities, is thankworthy. An obelisk in old times had a meaning—some say, an astronomical meaning—but it never had a memorial meaning, as this was to have had. An obelisk of old was covered with inscriptions, themselves carved in pictorial characters. This obelisk was to be a naked shaft, and to be decorated with sculptures on a pedestal, which is not the case with any former obelisk on record. An obelisk was the work of a barbarous age—this was to represent the nineteenth century of Christian civilization. Stonehenge itself is an improvement on the obelisk as a work of art; but we were proposing to go back beyond the barbarism of the Druids themselves. Obelisks in Egypt stood in avenues, or at least in pairs; but this was to be an obelisk not only pure and simple, but solitary as well as ugly. In short, we were to have had an obelisk which would have been a solecism even among obelisks—obelisks themselves being the most outrageously ugly of all works of human contrivance. The Committee of Taste, if we may so call the advisers whom Her Majesty has selected, have now decided that it is very doubtful whether the world affords a stone large enough for that grandfather of obelisks which was anticipated. They have further reported that, in the search for such a block, vast sums of money must be expended—that, given the stone, nobody knows what it would cost to incise it, as it ought to be sculptured, if the Egyptian models are to be followed—and finally, that even if the artistic difficulties of combining a memorial statue with an obelisk were conquered, “serious doubts remain whether the ultimate effect” would be satisfactory. These are conclusions which we thoroughly endorse, because we have already recorded our anticipation of them; and that they now prevail is owing to the circumstance that a committee of four has superseded the activity of the gentlemen of the Society of Arts.

Once more we say, for this present escape let us be thankful. We are not going to argue that, if we are to have a single stone, no form can be preferable to the Memorial Cross, which is in fact the

Christian development of the monolithic structure—the idea of a monolith itself being coeval with all history, and ranging from the upright stone which Jacob set up in Luz down to the latest grave-stone of Kensal Green. Nor are we going to venture on any suggestion of our own. The “composite work of art” promised in the quarter where the abandonment of the obelisk was first announced, is not encouraging, but let us hope for the best. All that we say is, now that we are out of one trouble, let us not be in haste to get into another. Let us take care that the Society of Arts do not have it all their own way in settling the character of the next design. Those who have hitherto been active in advising and planning are not to be congratulated on their success. They give up the obelisk because the granite of Mull is not large enough; but the conclusion is better than the cause assigned. The real reason is, because the subscription is not large enough; and that the subscription is only what it is, is the fault of those who were so very hasty and injudicious in thrusting the obelisk scheme on Her Majesty, and in making use of Her Majesty’s name, as though the obelisk were her own suggestion, to commit an outrage on art. The desire to honour the late Prince Consort’s memory is national and universal; and to honour him worthily is the earnest wish of the educated and refined taste of the country. There is now one more chance of the Albert Memorial becoming a great success. If our voice might be heard, it would be to counsel those who had all but succeeded in stigmatizing with another brand the English character for artistic taste, to retire henceforth from any unnecessary interference with a work dear to us all, the success of which they have already imperilled, and which the adoption of their scheme would have certainly ruined. While the abandonment of the obelisk is the work of the Committee of Taste, there is at length a sign that sense is returning to the Executive Committee itself. They have at last decided against collecting cards, and the Lord Mayor, who from the first was opposed to sending round the hat as at an Irish wake, is to be thanked for his hint that the memory of the Queen’s husband would hardly be honoured by extorting pennies from the poor. A committee dating from the House of the Society of Arts has, however, taken up the scheme which was abandoned at the Mansion House, and at the present moment Soliciting Lists, especially soliciting “the shillings of the tradesman and the pence of the artisan and labourer,” are flying about under the auspices of Mr. Clabon and Mr. Le Neve Foster.

#### THE USES OF CATHEDRALS.

THERE are a good many things in the world which we instinctively feel serve some good purpose, and yet, if we were suddenly asked by a caviller what their real use was, we should have some difficulty in making him an answer. The cathedral churches of England are a case in point. We feel that they serve some good objects, and might easily be made to serve more; and yet it would not be always easy to explain to a determined objector what those objects are. Some of them are not obvious at first sight; others are served only indirectly; and some have been so neglected in days of abuse that people have forgotten that they have any existence at all. The ideal and the actual state of an English cathedral are singularly at variance with one another. The natural result is a vast mass of popular ignorance as to the actual and the ideal state alike.

What, then, is a cathedral? The simplest answer would be a great church, but we are not sure that some people would give even that answer. We have met persons who could hardly understand that a cathedral is a church. It is not itself a church, at least not all of it—it is a place with a church inside it. And many people who have got beyond this stage speak of a “cathedral” and a “church” as if they were two different things—things of the same genus no doubt, but still differing in species. Many people would be surprised if you, so to speak, introduced the building by its formal title of “cathedral,” and then went on speaking of it simply as “the church.” The cathedral, then, in popular estimation, is something which differs from a church, and in which quite different things are done from what are done in a church. There is a something called “cathedral service,” which is proper in a cathedral and improper anywhere else. It is right to chant in a cathedral; it is Popish to do so anywhere else. It is right to have a choir in surplices in a cathedral; it is right to preach in a surplice; it is right to have prayers every day; but all these things, if done anywhere else, are an abomination. We know a city where well nigh all the inhabitants turned out to prevent the relinquishment of certain usages in the cathedral, and presently turned out again to prevent the introduction of much the same usages into the chief parish church of the town. Then there are some more strange anomalies. The cathedral is in some way connected with the Bishop; he takes his title from it, he has his throne in it; and yet he has less power in it than in any other church in his diocese. Then there are some odd things about its staff of clergy. There are Canons who come and stay for a little while, do very little, and go away again; and for all this they receive considerable revenues. There are Minor Canons who do the greater part of what is to be done, and receive very small revenues indeed. And these Minor Canons do not grow into Canons, as curates do commonly, sooner or later, grow into rectors. They either stay Minor Canons all their days or go away to some other work elsewhere. All these things are rather a puzzle to the world at large.

It may be remarked that the broad distinction drawn between the cathedral and the parish church is something purely English. In

a foreign city the cathedral is commonly—not always—the greatest church in the town, but it is in no way specially distinguished from other churches either in its arrangements or in its services. It may surpass them in splendour and solemnity, but it only surpasses them as a higher example of the same class. In England, it is, in common belief, something of quite another class. Abroad, again, the cathedral is evidently a public institution. People enter it and pray in it at all times; at the time of divine service the congregation spreads itself where it will over the whole building. An English cathedral, on the other hand, has an uncomfortable air of privacy about it. The greater part of it is a show-place, often not to be seen without specially paying for admission. At the time of divine service, the congregation is crammed together in one small part of the building, and a man who should say his prayers anywhere else would be thought even a greater madman than if he did the like in a parish church.

We shall not easily forget our feelings on going to Sunday morning service in Westminster Abbey just after our return from one of our earliest Continental journeys. In most respects, indeed, the change from France to England is a change from slavery to freedom; but it is quite another matter when we get within the walls of the sanctuary. After the freedom of Bordeaux and Bourges and Amiens, the bondage of Westminster grated on our very soul. In the one country, we found the church open from the earliest dawn, its vast area crowded, service after service, with worshippers placing themselves at their will before the altar or around the pulpit. In the other, we had the closed door, the crowd assembled before it, the rush inwards, the scuffle for seats, the congregation marshalled by contemptuous vergers within the narrow space of what looks like one gigantic pew in the middle of the minster. In fact we were half inclined to think that we had made some mistake—the ceremony was so exactly like the sort of goal-delivery which happens at a French railway-station when the train comes in. At Bourges and Amiens there was a feeling of being thoroughly at one’s ease. At Westminster there was a feeling of bondage—the church was made into a kind of prison. Nor is the matter really mended in other places, where a polite vergers often conducts you with the most marked attention to a comfortable stall. You feel that it is merely a compliment to the unusual brilliancy of your coat and hat, which at Westminster attracts no attention among hundreds of others as good as they. In fact, the thing is thereby made less free, less popular, than it is the other way. In both cases you are in bondage. That the bondage in one case carries with it a sort of dignity in no way delivers from its trammels.

In speaking of the uses of cathedrals, we do not mean at present to enter into any discussion of the origin, uses, and abuses of Deans and Chapters. A friend of ours—a man of caustic turn of mind, who has had something to do with them in his time—tells us that he never knew any use in a Dean except to quarrel with the Bishop, and to keep the minster clock wrong. We suspect that this harsh judgment must have been founded on some particular case, as we certainly think that there are some Deans in England who have done, and are doing, better things. The constitution of these caputular bodies, their relation to the Bishop and to the Bishop’s flock, is a curious subject, and one much misunderstood; but we will not now enter upon it. We take for granted the Deans and Chapters of our cathedral churches, and of the two or three collegiate churches which are left; we assume them as guardians of the fabrics and services of their several minsters, and we wish to speak a few words as to their possible uses in that character only.

What our cathedrals want is popularizing. Every step which has been taken in that direction has been successful. We only want a great many more steps to be taken in the same direction. People often say that the cathedrals are unpopular. No doubt the clergy of the cathedrals are often unpopular; but whenever this is the case, it is their own fault. A Dean or a Canon who does his duty is popular enough. Let him show himself a frequent and effective preacher, and a careful guardian of all that he has to look after—let him frankly identify himself with his city, and give himself no airs about his supposed dignity—and he will be just as popular as the most popular rector or curate. But if the Chapters are sometimes unpopular, the cathedrals themselves are most certainly not. The fabric of the minster is everywhere beloved as the glory of the city; and its services are always flocked to whenever opportunity is given of flocking to them. What these noble churches want is simply to be thrown open, made public, as they are abroad. Wherever anything has been tried in this way it has never failed. Merely to throw the church open for people to look at is something. Contrast Peterborough and Gloucester. At Gloucester a sort of she-dragon sits with a chain across the door. “Do you want to see the cathedral?” You are half inclined to say No, when the question is so put. If you say Yes, of course you are let in for the vulgarized show and for its payment. At Peterborough you walk in, go where you please, trouble nobody, and nobody troubles you. This is one of the many good works of the present Dean, who, now that he has retired from the task of teaching boys, could not do better than open a school for his brother Deans and Canons. We should like to see Dr. Saunders sitting, birch in hand, as you see on the seals of some of the old grammar-schools, and the Chapters of Gloucester, Norwich, and Lincoln, all standing in order before him. We believe that Dean Saunders did not bring about this most simple improvement without a good deal of difficulty. The cathedral would be pulled down, robbed, profaned in every way, if people were allowed to come freely into it. Of course nothing of the sort has ever happened, either at Peterborough or anywhere else where free access is allowed. Possibly a day may come when, even at Westminster,



a man may be allowed to stop a moment for himself before the tombs of our greatest kings without being sharply ordered to "keep with the party"—that is, to listen to the Wombwell-like tomfoolery with which your guide descants on the beauty of this or that pagan image, or on the exquisite workmanship of Lady Somebody's frieze.

But to popularize a cathedral merely as a show is a small matter compared with the importance of popularizing it for its own proper use as a church. Here, too, every step that has been taken has been successful. "Special services" have been crowded; but why should they be "special," and not ordinary? Some Chapters have made the discovery that their minsters contained naves, and they have even ventured on the experiment of trying whether those naves could not hold congregations. The rash adventure has everywhere succeeded—we have seen the nave of Westminster as full as the nave of Amiens. But the "special service in the nave" is not the real remedy. It is a mere step—it is a sort of half concession—a popular element is introduced, but the whole thing is not popularized. The service "in the nave" is always a makeshift—the people are in their place, but the clergy and choir are not in theirs. The arrangement is, on the face of it, temporary and incomplete. What is really wanted is to popularize all the services—to popularize them alike in their hours and in their form. For this purpose we must get rid of the notion of the cathedral not being a church, but only a place with a church inside it. It is wonderful how deeply imbedded this notion is in people's minds. At Grosmont church in Monmouthshire we were told triumphantly that the church was "like a cathedral"—the likeness being that the nave was left useless, while the congregation was crammed into the chancel. In the little cathedral of St. Asaph, smaller than many parish churches, the choir is pewed and pewed to the extreme point, while the nave is left empty, swept, but in no way garnished. What is wanted is not to have service "in the nave," but to use nave and choir at once. In some cases, as at Canterbury, the construction of the building renders this impossible. We only ask for it where it can be done. Contrast, among our greater cathedrals, Ely and Peterborough—among our smaller, Lichfield and Wells. At Peterborough, the Dean has lately set up a Sunday evening service, done wholly by volunteers—volunteer choir, volunteer preachers, volunteer organist. The result is most triumphant—as triumphant, that is, as the space allows. But the awkward arrangements of thirty years back spoil the whole thing. The congregation is crammed into the narrow space of the choir, stalled, pewed, galleried as it is, utterly unfit for really common worship, where no poor man can find himself really at home. Dr. Saunders has had many obstacles to overcome in setting up a popular service at all; but the greatest obstacle of all still stands in his way. Contrast, again, the costly disfigurement of Wells some years back with the glorious reopening of Lichfield just achieved. At Wells a vast deal of money and a great amount of elaborate stonework were thrown away in making the church everything that it should not be. Never were boundless liberality and pig-headed ignorance so strangely combined. The choir is blocked off from the nave; the choir arch is filled up by the organ; there are stone stalls above, and ladies' stalls below; and the poor, if there are any poor, are thrust into a few benches in the space before the altar, which should be left wholly open. The whole place does not look like a place of public worship at all. It looks like a college chapel at Commemoration time, to which each of the Fellows has brought a party of friends. Hardly had Wells been thus made everything which it should not be, when Lichfield was made everything which it should be. To one who, as we did, knew Lichfield many years back, the change seems miraculous. Lichfield, as it was, was worse even than Wells as it is. The choir was boxed off yet more completely, the very arches on each side being built up, and the choir-arch glazed. Now, all is gone, all is free—Lichfield Minster is really a church again. The choir is confined to the clergy and singers, its light screen hindering neither sight nor hearing. The nave is left for the people, not as visitors, but as men at home in their own place. As at Lichfield, so it is at Llandaff, as far as the greater difficulties of the remote and half-ruined cathedral allowed. Both are again places of really popular worship; which, as long as the congregation is crammed into the choir, no church can be.

The Peterborough evening service is just what a popular choral service should be—strictly choral, but not of a kind in which few can join, and which to many is really unintelligible. Many a man who loves the chant and the organ simply loses his place among elaborate anthems and services. Speaking from this point of view—on the Sunday at least when we were at Peterborough—the hearty chanting of the volunteer choir threw into utter shame the more elaborate professional performance of the regular choir in the morning. But the thing will not be perfect till the barrier is thrown down, and that noble nave, unsurpassed in the whole world in its own kind, not only has a service "in" it once or twice in the year, but is habitually occupied, in part at least, by the people of that fast-increasing city. So much has been already done, that this greatest of all improvements cannot fail to follow. Wherever cathedrals are really popularized, there is no longer any doubt as to their uses.

#### PARISH ROADS.

FEW people now-a-days entertain any serious objection to a good road. Here and there an enthusiastic lover of the picturesque may profess an admiration for narrow lanes, and affects to shudder at the notion of a smooth-faced road of comfortable width, unscarred by jagged ruts. But lovers of the picturesque are

very often more familiar with city pavements than rustic footpaths, and derive their ideas on the subject from "Landscape Annuals" and young ladies' sketch books. Place such a man in a Devonshire lane up to his ancles in red mud, or turn him adrift in a Northumberland highway, and he would be very soon reduced to a state of lachrymose contrition, and limp homewards a wiser and a better man. Everybody knows the story of the Quaker in his gig, confronted, in a lane where it was impossible for two carriages to pass, by an obstinate fellow in a one-horse chaise. The Quaker mildly declined to back his horse—the obstinate fellow swore he would not. After an hour or so of ineffectual discussion, the man in the chaise thought to crush the Quaker into submission by taking out a newspaper and calmly perusing it. "Friend"—said the Quaker—"when thou hast finished thy paper I trust thou wilt lend it to me." The man was beaten, and backed his horse without more ado. A lover of the picturesque would have found his enthusiasm rapidly evaporate under a similar ordeal.

In old times, good roads do not seem to have been popular. Mr. Smiles, in his pleasant *Lives of the Engineers*, tells us that when turnpike-roads were first constructed, the country people in many places would have nothing to do with them, but remained faithful to their ruined trackways. The driver of the Marlborough coach refused to use the new Bath road, but stuck to the old waggon track. "He was an old man," he said; "his father and grandfather had driven that way before him, and he would continue in the old track till death." The Blandford waggoner expressed himself in still more uncompromising language. "Roads had but one object—waggon driving. He required but four foot width in a lane, and all the rest might go to the d—ll!" We hope that Mr. Barrow—who seems the recognized champion of the existing Highway Act—takes a broader view of the subject than the Blandford waggoner, and that Mr. Newdegate will not insist on applying the conservative maxim of *Stare super vias antiquas* to the highways and byways of England.

What, then, is the objection to the Highway Bill, which has been just reported by the Select Committee? The vicissitudes of the Bill have been manifold. It has made its appearance several sessions running without success. It has been doctored and metamorphosed to conciliate opponents. It has been manipulated in more than one Select Committee. In fact, the treatment it has experienced may be compared to that of a football—kicked about unceremoniously both by friend and foe. At the present moment, however, we are inclined to think the Bill is in a better shape than it has ever been in before. It has emerged from the hands of the Select Committee substantially amended and improved. The process enjoined for the formation of Highway districts has been judiciously simplified. The Highway Board is to consist of waywardens annually elected by the ratepayers. But, as in the case of Boards of Guardians, justices residing in the district are *ex-officio* members. Those who have any practical acquaintance with the working of Boards of Guardians in country districts will readily see the importance of securing the assistance on the Highway Board of men possessing local influence and fair habits of business. A Highway Board, composed solely of rustic waywardens, would flounder to and fro like a ship without ballast, and *minus* a rudder. Possibly, as in the case of local Boards of Health, the Highway Board—improved as its constitution is now proposed to be—will in some districts, should the Bill pass, move with slow and hesitating steps. Ignorance and prejudice will throw obstructions in its course, and a spirit of false economy will clog its progress. But ultimate success is not the less certain. The Highway Board will represent the ratepayers of several distinct parishes, and we may take for granted that some parishes will be in favour of progress and improvement. There will, therefore, be a party of progress at the Board meetings, and that party is sure to obtain ultimate ascendancy. Again, the Board must appoint a paid surveyor, and a paid surveyor will generally possess some knowledge of his work, and some anxiety to do that work well—qualifications about as rare amongst ordinary waywardens as a familiar acquaintance with the Thirty-nine Articles or the art of dancing the polka.

What, then, we repeat, is the main objection to the Highway Bill? The main objection is its alleged tendency to promote centralization. Some men entertain so deep a horror of this mysterious evil that they seem to scent its presence in every Bill favourable to local improvement laid upon the table of the House. The dread of it is, in short, a species of monomania, and monomanias are generally very inconvenient to all parties concerned. We have seen a lady, at a crowded dinner party, suddenly turn pale, fall back in her chair and kick the floor with her heels, and all because a cat of inoffensive manners and unblemished reputation chanced to take refuge under the table. This is one form of monomania. Again, we have known an elderly gentleman, beloved by a large circle of friends, so indignant at the apparition of a joint of veal at dinner as to march off to bed at an early opportunity as if he were taken suddenly poorly. This is another form of monomania. The monomania on centralization is equally disagreeable, and no less difficult to control by force of argument or persuasion. In a city conflagration you must aim to prevent the flames spreading rather than to extinguish them where they have taken hold. So the patient actually labouring under this malady is almost beyond the reach of remedies, and our main efforts should be directed to check the spread of the contagion.

Here is Mr. Toulmin Smith—the able conductor of a useful publication, the *Parliamentary Remembrancer*—so hopelessly afflicted by the disease that in an onslaught on the Highway Bill,

dated the 19th of April, he deliciously exclaims—"For neither neglect of duty nor reckless taxation does this Bill give any means of remedy whatever." First, for "neglect of duty." Not only does the 17th section of the Bill place the Highway Board of each district precisely on a footing in respect of duties and liabilities with surveyors of parishes at the present time, but a special enactment is embodied in the 18th section, directing the method of obtaining redress when the Highway Board is torpid and roads are neglected. Next, as concerns "reckless taxation." The taxation is in the hands of waywardens annually elected by the ratepayers. If, therefore, the latter have no control over the expenditure, still less have Parliamentary electors control over the expenditure of a House of Commons elected, on an average, every four or five years. The Highway Board in the amended Bill is responsible, then, to justices at petty session for "neglect of duty," and amenable to the ratepayers at the close of its official year. If the ratepayers of any parish so choose, they may elect waywardens pledged not to lay out a penny on the highways. Surely any one not very far gone in the anti-centralization mania will admit that the Bill contains tolerable safeguards against excessive taxation, and a remedy for neglect of duty at least as effectual as that provided in the Highway Act now in force. We are quite willing to concede that the mode of auditing the accounts provided in the Bill is capable of improvement, but this is a question of detail which can be settled when it comes on for discussion.

As for the machinery introduced for compelling Highway Boards to do their duty, we apprehend it will, in most parts of the country, remain a dead letter. It is to the spontaneous operation of the Boards that we look for the amendment of our roads, rather than to the action of justices at petty sessions. Devoted admirers of the existing law of highways are willing, on the contrary, to admit the frequent inefficiency of waywardens, but, as a set-off, triumphantly point to the power vested in justices of the peace to hear complaints and inflict penalties. Summon the parsimonious or pigheaded waywarden before the justices, and after a few trifling preliminaries, and a moderate amount of delay, the man will be convicted in a penalty of 5*l.*, and a formal order issued for the repair of the roads complained of. What can be more satisfactory? It may be as well, however, to examine a little more closely this simple and agreeable method of making parish officers do their duty. The first step is to lay your information, and, if you wish it correctly drawn, you will do well to get it drawn by the clerk of the justices. You must then hunt up a justice to take your oath and issue a summons for the waywarden. But your summons must be served, and, as you would rather not serve it yourself, you must catch a police constable to serve it for you. Finally, you must present yourself at petty sessions to support your information. The clerk resides eight miles in one direction—the justice eight miles in another. The rural constable is not easier to catch than a metropolitan policeman. If the roads are as bad as you wish the justices to believe, your progress from place to place will not be rapid, nor will your temper be improved. But suppose you find yourself at last face to face at petty sessions with the delinquent waywarden. Is your object gained? Will the justices make an order to repair the roads? By no means. You may produce a score of witnesses to support your case, but the bench is powerless until the highways have been "viewed." A viewer may be appointed, but the justices will probably view the roads themselves. A day is fixed for the purpose—say a week hence. During that week, for once in his year of office, the waywarden will not be idle. He will make a desperate effort to redeem his character and save his fine. He sprinkles stones along the roads in conspicuous places, according to the improved principle of "thin sowing." He fills in that ugly hole where the springs of your new carriage from town came to sudden grief. He makes a feeble attempt to drain the pool of water covering the road across the marsh, where you made the discovery that your patent waterproof boots were not precisely what they pretended to be. He gives an aged labourer half a crown to lop off some of the brambles pendent from the hedges on either side of the lane, where you had to duck your head every two minutes as you rode along, or submit to be disfigured for life by the loss of an eye or a whisker. Finally, he sweeps up all the paupers of the neighbourhood, and groups them artistically in the parish quarry cracking stones as hard as they can. Thus, when the justices make their appearance to view the highways, nothing can be plainer than that the waywarden has awakened to some sense of his responsibilities. "Poor Jones has been busy. You may see that at a glance. Aye, as busy as a bee. This is as it should be. Well, well, we mustn't be too hard on Jones. He has put his shoulder to the wheel at last!" So runs the magisterial colloquy, and the result may be easily anticipated. "Poor Jones" is complimented upon his return to a better state of mind, cautioned as to the future, and dismissed with a friendly "good morning." The artistic group of paupers working in the quarry suddenly vanishes. No more stones are sprinkled over the road, which by-and-by becomes as bad as ever, and the brambles again compel your coachman and yourself to do them homage each time you pass. After all your worry and trouble you find yourself pretty much in *statu quo*, barring that you are execrated by the whole family of Jones, and have made yourself permanently unpopular amongst the tenant-farmers of the district.

To be sure, you may proceed against the parish by way of indictment at Quarter Sessions; but this is a process that will not only aggravate the animosity of Jones and Co., but involve you in a probable outlay of fifty or sixty pounds. Such a sum would

more than meet the coachmaker's annual bill for broken springs; and, on the whole, you prefer to sit down in dogged resignation, and wait for the chance of a new Highway Act. The present session will not be altogether uneventful if such an Act be passed. All that we humbly ask is to be permitted to ride and drive in tolerable comfort from place to place, and we trust that no morbid reluctance to interfere with petty local magnates—no abject dread of the bugbear of Beadledom—will avail to deprive us of the securities offered for this modest privilege in the Highway Bill just reported by the Select Committee.

Facility of locomotion forms one of the main distinctions between a civilized and a barbarous community. Parish roads concern not only parishioners, but the public at large. Let Beadledom monopolize the charge of the parish stocks, or brood over the parish pump; but the highways are beyond its scope. They are of national importance, and the nation should take security that they are thoroughly well maintained. The more stringent the security, the better for the general public, and the better eventually even for sluggish or recalcitrant parishes. In the long run, good roads are more economical than bad ones; but were the case otherwise, it is certain that money judiciously laid out in road improvements is money well invested. It will return fourfold in the shape of social comfort and safety for person and property, and will raise the value of houses and lands throughout the agricultural districts of England.

#### THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

THE enemies of good government may now enjoy, if they choose, their annual triumph. "Once more," they may exclaim, "the veil is withdrawn which hides the true character of England, and the world may see how she has one measure for Italy, where she would establish a rival to France, another for the Adriatic, where she seeks only to maintain her own power. In the Islands, she spurns that right to choose their own government, which she pretends to believe the natural heritage of the nations on the Continent. Inconsistent in her principles, which she is obliged to shift from hour to hour, she is consistent at least in selfishness." It is undesirable that England should afford, even to the most ignorant and the most unscrupulous, any excuse for placing her name in the list of the oppressors of mankind. Even in the smallest matters, the character of this country should be guarded from reproach; and when the President of the Ionian Assembly makes his annual onslaught on the British Protectorate, it is well that facts should supply the annual explanation.

It is unfortunate for his cause that the most illustrious President did not confine himself to a general invective. Instead of abusing England in vague terms, and claiming immediate union with Greece on the simple ground of the national will, that personage was so unwise as to permit himself the use of definite statements. The Lord High Commissioner gave speedy and emphatic contradiction to his allegations respecting the material condition of the Islands. "At no period of their history have they been in a more flourishing condition than they are at present. The population is increasing, the revenue augments, commerce flourishes, and the actual prosperity of the Islands is everywhere apparent." But, in obedience perhaps to a feeling of judicious respect for himself and his office, Sir H. Storks omitted to answer the more serious charges of the Assembly. It was better to pass in contemptuous silence over reproaches which could not have been effectually dealt with unless the Commissioner had again paraded before the Ionians, on behalf of the Protecting Power, offers that they had already contemptuously rejected. But things which it might have been degrading for the British Representative to have particularized where they are too well remembered, it may be advantageous to repeat where they may be easily forgotten amidst the multitude of more important matters. When the President complained of the arbitrariness with which he alleged the State was governed, he did not mention that it is only through the refusal of the Assembly to cooperate with the Protecting Government that the Senate is now deprived of all power, and the executive responsible only to itself. When he complained of outrages to personal liberty, he did not say that such outrages—the existence of which was denied by the Commissioner—would have been impossible had the same Assembly accepted the offer of the Protectorate to abandon its prerogative of high police. He complained of the mismanagement and waste of the public revenues. Such management, however, he well knew, would be only possible through their own fault, had the Assembly been willing to accept the absolute control of the finances when the Protectorate was perhaps too eager to abandon it. He complained of the concentration of powers in the hands of the Executive, through the frequent prorogations; but he did not set forth that, had the Assembly accepted the proffered reforms, those powers would have been concentrated in the hands of an executive responsible only to themselves or their successors.

The root of the evils that afflict the Ionian Islands, and stand in the way of necessary reforms, is to be found in an inveterate demagoguism which dreads the reforms that would strike at the sources of its power. Ionian taxation, light in most respects in comparison with that of other European countries, is made comparatively heavy by the preposterous salaries which are paid to an overgrown functionary class, and to the Deputies themselves. Hence arises the unwillingness of the latter to discuss a comprehensive plan of reform, when such a plan includes or threatens an attack on their salaries, even though its inevitable tendency would at the same time be to weaken the influence of the Protectorate.



It is, indeed, true that the Ionian people almost universally look forward to ultimate union with Greece; but it is also true that the most intelligent classes see clearly that the only result of an immediate union, while Greece is in its present weak and disorganized condition, would be to make them share its disasters. While the Legislative Assembly demands the "political reunion of the Greek race, the first to cultivate European civilization, and in the progress of which it again demands to labour," the wiser Ionians see that the kingdom of Greece is the part of Europe where the progress of civilization is least rapid. They also know that political honesty and good sense have much to do with the progress of civilization, and they are well aware that those who would lead their countrymen to the foot of King Otto's throne would not contribute much of these to the common stock of the Hellenic race. But, disheartened by repeated defeats, the respectable classes make but a feeble stand against the prevailing policy; and it would almost seem that the fairest hope for the Ionian Islands lies in the chance of a revolution in the opinion of the masses of the people. Ignorant of politics and of the circumstances of Greece, and really penetrated with an honourable sense of their Hellenic nationality, they have been easily cajoled by those who have promised, by a policy of mere obstruction, to wrest from the British Government the concession they desire. In this hope the people have hitherto allowed those reforms to be rejected which the demagogues have a special motive of their own for opposing. But when the persistence of the British Representative has at last made it plain that the sacrifice of whole-some changes will not purchase the wished-for union, it is not unlikely that they will refuse any longer to barter for nothing even the less desirable object. It must be admitted, however, that this hope is but a slender reed to lean on. The administrative changes that are needed do not very closely concern the bread or the comfort of the people. And when these are not in peril, the popular mind is too apt to rest satisfied with ideas that admit of more exciting treatment at the hands of agitators, than administrative or even political reforms. Yet from the natural leaders of the people, nothing, it is feared, can be expected. They are, if we are to believe Mr. Gladstone, completely cowed and spiritless. In every event, however, the course of England is plain.

Pedants only can desire to see a principle carried out under all circumstances of time and place, because in itself it is true, and because in certain cases it has been adopted with universal applause. They only can be blind to the difficulties, and heedless of the perplexities, into which such consistency would carry them. The other conditions of the case, or the majority of them, being favourable, no doubt it is desirable that each aggregate of population should enjoy the form of government it prefers. But it is absurd to argue that in every case an expression of the will of a people shall bind Europe to alter its arrangements, so as to give that people the immediate gratification of its desire. The Ionian Islands were placed under the protectorate of England in 1815, because no other arrangement was, at the time, equally convenient. They were Christian islands, which, through all their changes of fortune, had never been subject to a government that did not profess a religion at least akin to their own; and to have handed them over to Turkey would have outraged European sentiments. Corfu had been eagerly sought and retained by Napoleon as one of the portals of the Turkish empire; and to have restored the Islands to France would have been to leave to a Power of which Europe still stood in awe what seemed one of her most formidable instruments of offence. Russia herself is said to have declined, with strange moderation, a responsibility which would have given her a tempting opportunity of intriguing on yet another side of the vast territories of her feeble neighbour. Independent and unprotected, the Ionian Islands would have been a prey to the corruption which would soon have invited the strong hand of a master. But one alternative remained. The protectorate of the Islands was entrusted to England; and whoever else may have gained, England at least has gained nothing by the charge thrust upon her. Important as the Islands may be in a strategical point of view, England has no selfish motive for retaining military positions on the eastern coast of the Adriatic. The possessors of Gibraltar and Malta could easily dispense with Corfu. On the other hand, the Protectorate has cost the British people nearly four millions sterling. If we had our own interests only to consult, we would gladly rid ourselves of our burdensome Protectorate.

When the protecting nation has no love of its office, nor the protected of its shelter, it is clear that the relation between them cannot be indefinitely prolonged. It is true, too, that some of the reasons which made a British Protectorate seem necessary forty-five years ago, can no longer be urged. There is now at least a Christian kingdom of their own race within sight of some of the islands. The most suspicious observer of French Imperialism can hardly believe that its dreams of conquest now extend to Eastern Europe. But Russia still aspires to extend her empire through the instrumentality of religious sympathies, while the kingdom of Greece, weak and ill governed, neither affords security to its subjects, nor is able, or even desirous, to counteract the influence of Russia among the orthodox populations on its very frontier. So long as this state of things continues, a strong arm is still needed to hold the islands, which might be betrayed, by weakness or corruption, to the most formidable rival of Western Europe.

But there is an objection to the surrender of the Ionian Islands to Greece, of yet greater weight than that which arises from the necessity of guarding beforehand against the possible aggression of Russia. The union of these two branches of the Greek race is desired on the ground of their common nationality alone, and it is not pretended that it would be otherwise advantageous to either of

them. But let England set aside a European arrangement on no other ground than this, when every consideration of expediency is manifestly opposed to such a proceeding, and it would be immediately assumed that she wished to make a demonstration in favour of the principle of nationality as such. An impulse would be given to the excited feelings of masses of population, which might lead at the present time to the most disastrous results. The abandonment of the Ionian Islands by Great Britain could not fail to be interpreted as an ostentatious declaration of sympathy with a theory which, taken alone, is likely to lead to nothing but confusion.

The fruits of the thirty years' independence of Greece are to be found in general weakness, intrigue, and anarchy, while the Ionian Assembly now threatens to give Europe a fresh proof of its childish incapacity for the management of affairs. Order and freedom, however, are secure in the Ionian Islands so long as the British Protectorate continues. Great Britain is anxious to restrict the powers of that Protectorate within the narrowest limits. Ample scope will remain for the Ionians to practise those political virtues which will enable them to augment the moral influence of the Greek kingdom, when, having acquired respect abroad and security at home, she can be entrusted with the protection of outlying territories. But an immediate union could have but one result. There would be exhibited to the world a struggle between demagoguism and court intrigue—a struggle in which the triumph of either party would be equally disastrous to the nation which would be its inevitable victim.

#### THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

WHEN the right thing can be done in the wrong way, commend us to Her Majesty's Ministers to find out how to set about it. They are sure to get hold of the dirty end of the stick, if possible. Should a thoroughfare, for instance, be required across Hyde Park, the First Commissioner of Works will want to cut a trench through the middle of Kensington Gardens, build a bridge over the Serpentine, and drive a tunnel under Rotten Row, instead of using a road already made for his convenience. It is now, if we are not misinformed, in contemplation to play the same sort of game with the British Museum. That the building in Great Russell Street is too small for its purpose, and that something must be done to meet the emergency, every one is agreed. Whether the additional space required would be best provided in Bloomsbury or elsewhere is a point which we do not now propose to enter upon. There is much to be said on both sides of the question. The Government have announced their intention to solve the difficulty by the removal of the whole of the Natural History collections to South Kensington, if they can get Parliament to agree to it. Before this is accomplished, they will probably find that the economical motives which have led them to adopt this plan should rather have induced them to choose the contrary. However, many right things have been done for wrong reasons. But it will hardly be credited that, after the emphatic condemnation of the system of government by irresponsible boards which fell from nearly every speaker in the recent debate on Lord Henry Lennox's resolutions on this subject, it is intended to continue the rule of the Trustees of the British Museum over the new Institution of Natural History at South Kensington. The only argument likely to obtain acquiescence for the new scheme is that in this way Natural History might be extracted from the clutches of the Trustees and their secretary. There seems, moreover, not the slightest reason why this act of folly should be attempted. If the Government wish to propitiate the Trustees, they had better let the Natural History collections stay where they are. Every one knows that, as a body, the Trustees are strongly adverse to the proposed removal. It is true their acquiescence in the Ministerial plan was obtained by the aid of the votes of the official members of the Board, who never attend the meetings on ordinary occasions, but the resolution of approval was carried upon division only by a bare majority. Still less is the proposed system of government for the new Institution of Natural History likely to be acceptable to the House of Commons, or to conciliate the public at large. The grave objections to any national Institution, supported by the public tax-gatherer, being left to the management of a set of irresponsible Trustees, are so obvious that they hardly require to be alluded to. If the Archbishop of Canterbury and his brother Trustees choose to have their beasts badly stuffed, their birds not named, and their fishes wrongly arranged, who is entitled to say them nay? When they insist, in spite of the remonstrances of their chief zoological officer, on purchasing Mr. Du Chaillu's gorillas for double their value, what right have you or I to interfere? True, we help to find the money; but Canterbury and Co. are so many autocrats. They have plenary powers conferred upon them by Act of Parliament, and if we do not like it we may lump it, or write to the *Times*.

But further, we maintain that if the National Institution of Natural History is to be governed by a Board, the Trustees of the British Museum, as at present constituted, are a most inefficient and most improper body for the purpose. That "incarnation of irresponsibility" consists mainly of the great Ministers of State and the representatives of certain families who have contributed by gift or sale of well-known collections to the British Museum, interspersed with others selected from time to time by the existing body, and one nominee of the Government. How many of this oligarchy are there that either know

or care anything about Natural History or the Natural Sciences? We believe that two only out of the whole fifty—namely, Sir Roderick Murchison and Sir Philip Egerton—have any pretensions to the slightest knowledge of this subject. The former is well known as an eminent geologist—the latter, as an energetic collector of fossil fishes. We have the greatest respect for both these gentlemen; but really, after making every allowance in their favour, so little leaven is hardly sufficient to leaven the whole mass. Is it not absurd on the face of it to drag away dignitaries of the Church from their dioceses, and Cabinet Ministers from their councils, to govern a scientific institution which they have neither time to attend to nor special knowledge to understand? Let us see how the Trustees have treated Natural History as it is at present situated under their sway in Bloomsbury, and judge of their claims to be allowed to extend their rule to Kensington. In the first place, knowing, as we have said, next to nothing of the subject, and caring perhaps less, they have allowed the department of Natural History, one of the three principal sections into which the establishment in Great Russell Street is divided, to become completely subordinate to the department of books. Led through the nose by their Secretary, they have permitted the Library establishment to be enormously and inordinately increased, while the Natural History and, we may add, the Antiquities also, have been pertinaciously kept in the background. The staff of the book department is more than three times as numerous as that employed on the Natural History, and more than four times as strong as that devoted to the Antiquities. Whilst every book, every paper, and every manuscript added to the Library is carefully registered and made available for public use, by far the larger portion of the vast treasures of the Natural History collections remain unnamed, uncatalogued, and unarranged to the present day. We venture to say that not one-fourth part of the specimens of Natural History in the British Museum are available for public use at the present moment, and that a very large proportion of them are not in a state to be examined even by the special student who may want to refer to them. The fault of this does not lie with the persons engaged in this department, many of whom are hard and laborious workers, but with the Trustees, who have not provided a sufficient staff for the proper and effective working of this important branch of their establishment. The accusation, therefore, made, and, we think with justice, by naturalists against the Trustees, is, that they have knowingly and deliberately starved the Natural History department, or connived at Mr. Panizzi doing so, in order to feed the overgrown Library, and to gratify the latter's mania for collecting and cataloguing endless editions of the same books.

It would be easy to particularise other grievances that Natural History has to encounter under the sway of its present guardians and their chief officer. The difficulty, practically amounting to an impossibility, of parting with specimens once added to the collection under the present set of regulations, is one of them. There are multitudes of duplicates of some objects in the Zoological collections, which not only take up precious space, but might, if the rules were modified, be advantageously disposed of by sale or by exchange to other Museums. It is only necessary to refer to some of the lately published catalogues of the Zoological collection—that of the Colubrine snakes, for example—to convince oneself of this fact. It will be seen that in some cases there are sixty or seventy examples of the same species of animal in the collection. Many of these are, no doubt, varieties of sex or age, or from different localities, but a great portion of them are simply duplicates, the room of which would be of much greater importance to the collection than their company. The stringent rules as regards the use of light in the Museum may be mentioned as another piece of antiquated absurdity. It is of course very proper, in a building containing so many unique objects which could never be replaced, that every necessary precaution should be taken against fire. But we shall hardly be believed when we state that no candle or lamp of any sort, not even a Davy's Safety, is allowed to be used by the officers of this establishment in their private studies. The consequence is that, during the winter months, if the weather be dark—as is not unfrequently the case in Bloomsbury of a December afternoon—no work can be done. The officers cannot leave the building and work elsewhere. That is also against the rules. So they simply sit still and do nothing! Mr. Storey-Maskelyne, when first appointed head of the Mineralogical Department some time ago, set to work with a spirit-lamp and a blowpipe, without which instrument it is simply impossible to decide upon the nature of mineral substances. Mr. Panizzi, as may be seen by reference to the Parliamentary Papers relating to the British Museum published in 1858, was so horrified at this breach of the laws of the Medes and Persians, that, after due rebuke had been administered to the offender, he composed a special prayer to the Trustees on the occasion, alleging that he was much surprised to learn that such a dangerous instrument had been used, and “respectfully requesting the Trustees to hold him free from the responsibility which attaches to his office in cases which he cannot foresee.” It would be only fatiguing our readers to go into other numerous instances which might be brought forward of the absurdity of the chain of rules and regulations by which the unfortunate officials of the British Museum are tied and bound. In order, we suppose, that they may be broken in when young, it has been recently laid down that no assistant shall be appointed in any department above the age of twenty years. It would, consequently, seem impossible for any man with a University education to obtain one of

these situations. But enough, we suppose, has been said to show that the Trustees and their Secretary are quite incompetent to undertake the government of the new National Museum of Natural History. We recommend Mr. Gladstone, therefore, to think twice before he increases tenfold the objections which are sure to be urged against his proposal for the separation of the contents of the British Museum, by choosing such a form of government for the new institution. If he persists in this, he will neither obtain public support for his plans, nor, what is, we suppose, of more consequence to Her Majesty's Government, conciliate the adverse majority of the House of Commons.

#### MR. RUSSELL'S CONGÉ.

THE regret with which we receive the news that we have read the last of Mr. Russell's “Letters from the North” will be general. “Our Own Correspondent” of the *Times* has become a general favourite. His style and language are occasionally grotesque, but he always writes with life, and with something more than vigour. Not a word has been breathed against his impartiality; and, if he stigmatized the rout of Bull Run with indignation, it must be remembered that patriotism and other feelings did not deter him from dwelling, not without exaggeration, on our own shortcomings in the Crimea. What we all liked in Mr. Russell was the marked moral improvement which, as a writer, he has displayed since his Crimean experiences. His Indian letters were on all sides acknowledged to be written with as much good taste as good feeling; and if his object had only been to amuse the readers of the *Times*, we can quite understand that the coarseness and venality of American politics, and the weaknesses of American strategy, presented ample opportunities for stimulating description, to which, it is much to Mr. Russell's literary credit that he has not yielded. We have been often amused by his odd turns of expression, and perhaps we may have laughed occasionally at his trick of affecting a familiarity with omnigenous literature. But let us be just. It is easy enough for us to criticise what is written in swampy tents or dirty transports. We can sit in the stern censor's chair, but our amusing correspondent writes under difficulties which it is as impossible to measure as to anticipate. There is not one writer in ten thousand who could write so well, so rapidly, and, on the whole, so accurately as Mr. Russell, under the same difficult conditions. And, in some branches of knowledge—such as that of understanding and making generally intelligible military movements—Mr. Russell's attainments are of a high order. On merely personal grounds, then, we feel that the British public will sympathize warmly with an old friend, if he has been subjected to rudeness or insult.

Mr. Russell has been formally prohibited from attending General McClellan's army in any capacity. The circumstances under which the *Times*' Special Correspondent has been prevented from availing himself of the hospitable invitation of the Federal officers are such as reflect no credit on the War Department, and especially on the President and Mr. Secretary Stanton. Had General McClellan, for military reasons, prohibited the whole trail of literary camp followers from reporting his march, it was entirely open to him to have done so. The responsibility which falls upon a General in command is so heavy, that he must be entrusted with the fullest powers. But the circumstance that the person most interested in the matter, and on whom would be visited the consequences of a careless betrayal of military movements, not only saw no objection to Mr. Russell's presence with the Federal forces, but actually invited him to accompany the army, throws the whole burden of discourtesy and impolicy on the Federal Government. Had General McClellan turned Mr. Russell out of the Federal lines, or had he handed him over to the Provost-Marshal, we should have inquired into the justice of the punishment, but we should not have questioned the military authority. But Mr. Stanton is cut off from the only available plea for his incivility. Some British officers attend the army of the Potomac, not accredited as British Commissioners, but Mr. Russell is excluded on his own account, though both he and the officers stand on the same grounds as the General's personal guests. The prohibition is apparently special and particular. It is against the correspondents of foreign journals that the interdiction is levelled—Mr. Russell in his own person exhausting the whole class.

Perhaps there is no occasion to adopt the subtle interpretation of Mr. Stanton's motives which seems to have presented itself to Mr. Russell himself. He thinks that it was intended at the Washington War Office to affront and censure the General in command in the person of his guest, and that Mr. Stanton only wanted to insult General McClellan through the side of Mr. Russell. This may have had something to do with the matter; but broader considerations were at work. To use a vulgar expression, Mr. Stanton let the cat out of the bag when he observed that he could punish the correspondents of the American papers, but his hand was not long enough to reach a writer in the *Times*. In other words, it was no fear for indiscreet revelations or compromising intelligence that instigated the affront to Mr. Russell, whose letters would be read in America three or four weeks after the events which they described. What the Northern Government dreads is an impartial historian. Too many interests—the rise and fall of securities in Wall Street not being the least influential—are at stake, not to make a succession of Northern victories absolutely indispensable at the present moment to



the Federal Government. In the early part of the present century Napoleon set the discreditable example of rigging the market of current history with fictitious victories and battles won only on paper. The *Brussels Gazette* was a proverbial type of that sort of official news which it is at present found convenient to invent at Washington. It may be that the intelligence which we now receive from America, dictated as it is only by Federal authority for Federal purposes, and filtered through the jealous straining of Federal surveillance, is dictated with the rigid impartiality of Thucydides. But Mr. Stanton must make up his mind for his future telegrams being misunderstood. Here in England, after his treatment of Mr. Russell, we shall be slow to believe in those Armageddons of blood and slaughter with which he thinks proper to amuse or delude, for what purposes it is not for us in Europe to speculate, the stock-brokers or tax-payers of New York. The North has, in the person of its highest authorities, by suppressing Mr. Russell's letters, declared that it cannot afford to let the truth be ascertained by impartial witnesses. This is at any rate a compliment to European intelligence, whatever estimate Mr. Stanton's decision implies as to what is good for his own countrymen. To do them justice, the officers of the Federal army made no objection to the contemporary historian of their deeds of arms. The soldier, much to his credit, showed that confidence in himself and his cause which the Minister cannot afford to display.

If we were forced to assign any other motive for Mr. Stanton's impolitic proceeding than the obvious and commonplace one that truth was at the moment very inconvenient for Federal purposes, we should be disposed to suspect a wish to attract some credit from the New York mob for the valiant feat of affronting England in the person of our pleasant and punctual purveyor of American news. To be sure, it is but a petty insult to England; but because it is petty, it is the more likely to exhibit that form of the vulgar American estimate of England which it suits Mr. Stanton's purpose to conciliate or cajole. Or again, literary and journalistic rivalries may have had something to do with Mr. Russell's expulsion from the Federal lines. We can almost make allowances for the envy, hatred, and malice which must have filled the breast of Colonel Jefferson Brick and the war correspondents of the rowdy New York newspapers at the thought of a Russell taking his discomfort and his duty in the camp from which the native writer of sensation paragraphs was excluded. Or, if this jealousy did not exist, as it could hardly do—seeing that, as a fact, the American correspondents are not excluded—it was convenient to simulate it. Mr. Stanton may perhaps find the best justification of his incivility in the remonstrances of the New York editors. In a community of foxes who have lost their tails the presence of a single flowing brush must be very aggravating; and we can quite understand that a conclave of editors, gagged and muzzled by the exigencies of that great Republic in which, as Mr. Bright delights to assure us, there is more liberty of action, pen, and speech than in all the rest of the world, would do their best to stop the hand and mouth of a chronicler so plain-spoken, and popular, and honest as Mr. William Russell.

#### THE END OF THE WINDHAM CASE.

THE decision of the Lords Justices in the Windham case was in conformity with public expectation. There were fair grounds for inquiry into the mental capacity of this unfortunate young man, and the attempt to throw upon the petitioners the whole of the enormous costs incurred has met with the fate which more prudent advisers might have anticipated. The petitioners have to bear their own costs, and Mr. Windham has to bear his; and besides the costs of the inquiry which occupied thirty-four days, the costs of nearly a week's discussion before the Lords Justices must be added to the grand sum total. The tedious examination of witnesses before the Master has been suitably succeeded by the reading of voluminous affidavits before the Court. The whole of the proceedings have been conducted upon a magnificent and duly proportioned scale of costliness, and Mr. Windham enjoys the distinction of having been the subject of one of the most sumptuous litigations ever known. It is possible that something may be done to limit the expensiveness of future proceedings of the same kind, but it is to be feared that a similar opportunity will continue capable of being improved by lawyers to a nearly similar result. This evil of the enormous cost of litigation appears, indeed, to be beyond remedy. Mr. Windham has been obliged to spend a large part of his property in maintaining his right to spend the rest. But if the whole is destined to be squandered, it cannot matter much who gets it. The lawyers have helped themselves first, and it may be judged from the evidence upon the inquiry who are likely to consume their leavings.

It is plain that the expense of these proceedings would have been much moderated if Mr. Windham's advisers had abstained from assailing the character and motives of the petitioners. Even as a matter of taste, it might have been thought that a different course would have been adopted by his distinguished counsel. After all the hard words that have been used against General Windham, he appears to have acted as he did under the belief that there was no alternative except that—to use his own language—of "letting his nephew go to the devil in his own way." The vehement denunciation of the petitioners by Sir Hugh Cairns may have gratified the respondent's feelings, but we should think

that, of all the expensive pleasures in which this spendthrift has indulged, the pleasure of bearing his uncles and aunts abused has been the most costly. After mountains of affidavits and floods of rhetoric have been employed to overwhelm Mr. Windham's relatives with reproach, their conduct has been amply justified by the judgments of the Lords Justices. One of those learned judges said that Mr. Windham's marriage "was preceded, accompanied, and followed by acts and circumstances so strange and startling as, were they not in evidence which was irresistible, he should have thought to have been impossible and incredible." In consequence of that marriage, and the attendant acts and circumstances, "fifteen persons, all of them highly respectable, and all connected with Mr. Windham," presented a petition for an inquiry in lunacy. In support of that petition, forty-five affidavits were produced, and twenty-two affidavits were used against it. It is proper to note these numbers, because the complaint against the petitioners has been that they did not state all they should have stated to the Court—or, in other words, that the affidavits which they filed were not as numerous and as lengthy as they ought to have been. It may, however, be now assumed that even if the respondent could have been allowed to supply all that he alleges to have been defective in the petitioners' affidavits, the case presented by them would still have borne such an aspect as to induce the Court to issue the commission. If this be so, all the charges which have been made against the petitioners of suggesting what was false and suppressing what was true become immaterial. The Court was of opinion, upon the undisputed facts and upon the report of its own physician, that "in justice towards itself, towards Mr. Windham, and towards society," it ought not to refuse the inquiry; and of course the notion of punishing the promoters of this necessary inquiry by throwing upon them the whole costs of it was too extravagant to be seriously entertained. It is wonderful how this notion can ever have presented itself either to Mr. Windham or to his advisers.

One of the topics most strongly pressed both upon the jury and upon the Court was, that some of the petitioners, and especially General Windham, having made affidavits, did not present themselves for public examination. We rather think that Mr. Windham's counsel applied the epithet "skulking" to the conduct of his relations; and it was this language, or something like it, which drew from the counsel for the petitioners an eloquent and effective reference to General Windham's military career. It is pleasant to observe how entirely all this declamation was wasted upon the Lords Justices. Whether General Windham "skulked" in Westminster Hall, or whether he stormed the Redan before Sebastopol, was treated by them as wholly immaterial. The Court merely observed that "no complaint or application of any kind was made to it upon the subject" of that non-appearance of the petitioners in the witness-box for which they were so vigorously denounced. The whole thing was treated as one of those familiar artifices of advocacy which experience shows to have effect sometimes with the public or with juries, but which judges reduce in a moment to their true value. It is to be regretted that reliance upon such artifices, while it certainly does not exalt the character of the lawyer, is apt to impoverish the client's pocket. Mr. Windham has been advised or allowed to attempt to throw his costs upon his relations on the ground of imputations which were, in the first place, to a great extent untrue, and, in the second, utterly beside the question.

The reports of the proceedings before the Lords Justices have been curtailed, through the competition of debates in Parliament, to such a degree that perhaps, in the way of notoriety, Mr. Windham has hardly had full value for the latter portion of his enormous outlay. The reading of the interminable affidavits was mostly dismissed by the newspapers in a few words; but when it came to the short-hand writer's note of the conversation between the alleged lunatic and the Master and jury, from which the public were at the time excluded, it was seen that here was an opportunity for reviving something like the absorbing interest which was felt in the daily revelations of the vice and folly of Mr. Windham and his associates. Accordingly, the extracts read by counsel from this note of conversation were eagerly booked by the reporters, and no doubt received very general attention. Society will thus have been informed of the interesting fact that Master Warren approved Mr. Windham's determination not to allow his wife to go to the Jardin Mabille, and also that the learned Master was fully competent to decide this question of propriety, inasmuch as he had been to the Mabille himself "to see the kind of thing that went on." It appeared from other parts of the conversation that Mr. Windham knew a little French, and of course that Master Warren knew a little also. Both the examiner and the examinee were familiar with the French equivalent for "waiter," and they were alike equal to the emergency of feeling the want of a small drop of brandy. Whether this extent of linguistic faculty sufficed for the discovery which both travellers had made, that the Mabille was a bad place, we are not informed. It seemed, however, that this resolution of Mr. Windham regarding the Mabille had an excellent effect with the jury, who did not, any more than the Master, affect ignorance of what kind of place Mabille was. Perhaps, if the conversation had not turned upon some other topic, the Foreman might have been found confessing that he also had visited Mabille "just to see the kind of thing that went on."

Although Master Warren may know Paris well, and speak French fluently and elegantly, and although he has been complimented by one of the Lords Justices on his conduct of the in-

vestigation, we cannot but think that an abler president would have kept some check upon the counsel who appeared before him, and would have moderated that flux of irrelevant discussion which contributed to disfigure as well as to protract the case. It is, at any rate, satisfactory that the matter in its final stage has been dealt with by a tribunal which commands general respect. The verdict of the jury, of course, remains unimpeached, but it has been authoritatively declared that there was a sufficient case for inquiry, and that no imputation rests on the petitioners. As regards the heavy expenditure incurred by Mr. Windham, it was well observed by Lord Justice Knight Bruce that, "assuming him to have been always of a sound mind, it must be considered that his own acts and conduct were the occasion and the cause of those proceedings, which were necessarily expensive as well as painful to himself and others."

#### THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.

THE newspapers, in their peculiar language, inform us that on May-day will be "inaugurated the great trophy of peace." The phrase is in every respect unfortunate; for there will be no inauguration, and there is no trophy, and war has as much to do with the contents of the building as peace. The anticipations with which we meet the opening day of 1862 are very different from those with which we regarded that of 1851. Eleven years have done much in the way of disillusion. If we do not permit ourselves to fall into a sentimental way of viewing the Exhibition, we shall get some solid profit out of it, but none at all if we sail in the rhapsodical latitudes. Enthusiastic writers in the daily newspapers in 1851 asked us to believe that we were on the eve of some great Millennium, in which moral and artistic considerations were to regenerate European society. From the friendly intercourse of strangers, profiting by mutual knowledge and increasing in mutual respect, the nations of the earth were to be convinced of the foolishness of war, and the triumphs of peace were to shut up the temple of Janus for ever. The talk was the talk of Utopia, and it was only a cold experience which could prove its hollowness. We have seen what has come of all these sanguine anticipations. The ploughshare has not superseded the bayonet, and the machinery which is most in fashion is that which is most murderous. We have learned, too, that taste is not a plant to be forced. There seems to be a law by which premature attempts to educate a nation are governed. Mechanics' Institutes, where they survive at all, are mostly supported by those nights devoted to music, recitations, and semi-dramatic performances. The Crystal Palace, which was built for its historic Courts, its Art treasures, and its schools, would have been long since shut up were not its attractions at Christmas and Easter, its boats and velocipedes, its Christmas-trees and its clowns, its pork-pies and photographs, sufficient to keep it only trembling on the edge of insolvency. We meditated and even tried lectures in the case of the Exhibition of 1851, and something—in the name at least—of a Crystal Palace School of Art survives to remind us what we hoped to get out of High Art teaching for the masses; but we had better resign ourselves to the sober reality of the case. In the coming Exhibition we shall have, as far as the industrial products go, a monster Bazaar, but not much more. The lesson that will be taught is that which is pursued by the earnest student of London shop-fronts. It is a solid lesson, and one well worth learning; but let us take it only for what it is worth. Undoubtedly the adjuncts of the Exhibition have a higher aim. We reckon much on the Picture Galleries, and more on the Art Museum which is about to be assembled in the building familiarly known as the Boilers, which will probably be opened in June, and which promises to be a rich gathering from all the private collections in England. But, in the staple of the Exhibition, we must look only for the commercial mind striving for purely commercial objects. The whole thing is one vast advertising-sheet of the largest dimensions.

A very good thing is an advertising-sheet, but it is not inaugurating a trophy of peace. What it inaugurates, if it inaugurates anything, is a keen competition among manufacturers and shopkeepers. And if the excellence of a building consists in its rigid and complete fulfilment of a leading idea, the gentlemen who have contrived the details of the Show at Brompton are certainly to be congratulated. The arrangement of the cases, trophies, and the rest is partly topographical and partly philosophical. That is to say, each country is self-confined and isolated; but then each country adopts a special and scientific classification of its own products—at least it affects to do so; and the English department is able to carry out—at least affects to carry out—this arrangement. We can quite understand that, for really scientific purposes, the geographical division ought to have been abandoned, and the only really good principle of division, could it have been adopted, would have been to bring the homogeneous products of separate countries into direct competition. We should have liked to see Belgium facing Sheffield in iron ware, and England and France exhibiting in direct rivalry their silks and muslins. We might really have learned something from the immediate conflict and juxtaposition of Italian and Worcestershire pottery and of French and English photographs. But such an International Exhibition, which alone would answer to this proud title, is impossible. As it is, the confusion of the two principles of classification—the geographical and technical, the material and moral—is very embarrassing. And, unfortunately, it has been found in practice that it is impossible to group even the productions of our own country with scientific accuracy. A third and very coarse principle of arrangement has prevailed in the English department—

that of grouping according to mere size. It is as in the parallel case of arranging a library. We always begin by a class arrangement—history by itself; classics on a separate shelf; theology, fiction, and natural science each placed together. But there never was a library in which we did not end by arranging the books according to size, and grouping by folios and octavoes always supersedes the class arrangement. So it is at Brompton. Those abominable piles of incongruities, misnamed trophies, represent that high principle of arrangement known as the higgledy-piggledy, and a trophy of toys and a trophy of bayonets shoulder each other in disorderly confusion. In the arrangement of the detached and semi-detached sheds every exhibitor has availed himself of the wildest license in the construction, colour, and decoration; and a pile of granite, Cyclopean in material and construction, stands next to a gauzy temple of muslin and plate glass. If the object were to suggest contrast, the summer-houses erected by Mr. Elkington and Mr. Emmanuel receive and give an admirable foil in the huge model of a floating light; but it is fearfully distracting, both to the eye and to taste, to turn at a single step from a "leather trophy" to a vast pyramid of bon-bons, or a towering spire of combs and brushes.

But it is not in the confusion of objects alone that the present arrangement is faulty—it errs also upon artistic grounds. Somehow or other, the building fails to give any adequate notion of its size. This is partly to be attributed to the circumstance that it has no true centre; and the two flanking domes diminish the length of the nave, which is in fact very much shorter than that of the Exhibition of 1851. Partly, perhaps, the apparent reduction of scale is owing also to the system of coloration. The alternate counterchange of positive colours in the roof decidedly diminishes from the perspective, and the hazy, aerial effect of the glass roof of 1851 is quite lost. But from some cause or other the building does not show even its real size. Were it entirely empty, it would look to be smaller than it is; but the unfortunate trophies and the solid separate courts absolutely annihilate the whole perspective. There is not even a regular pathway kept down the middle of the nave; and there is no attempt at an avenue of sculpture and works of high art. The screens and such like works observe no parallel lines, and, as far as we can judge at present, there is no point in the building where any line of perspective can be caught. An organ breaks up one vista, and a mysterious tube perched at an elevation of thirty feet closes the sight line at another angle in another direction; and the view from one's house top of our neighbour's chimneys and the factory shafts and telegraph wires is about as interesting as the general view of the interior taken from the slope above the majolica fountain. The confusion above best represents the crowding below, and so closely are stalls and trophies jammed and piled, that, in these days of voluminous female garments, it almost seems to have been forgotten that the Exhibition was to contain its tens of thousands of visitors as well as its thousands of stalls.

Surely, too, though the Exhibition is of industrial products, some discretion might have been used in excluding the most commonplace objects. Shop-fronts have been imported wholesale with their more commonplace contents. We do not want to go to Brompton for what we can see equally well in Fleet Street and the Edgeware Road. Many of the counters which are set out in the galleries exactly reproduce the existing shops. Jones, of Whitechapel, stationer, displays several bottles of ink, some quires of paper, and a tray of sealing-wax; and Brown, of Oxford Street, exhibits twenty volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 250 railway novels, and a complete set of *All the Year Round*, bound in green cloth. It may suit Jones and Brown's purpose to advertise in this way, but this is not a very high aim. Doubtless the Exhibition will contain some very valuable and important works of art and manufacture; but, judging from present appearances, a large proportion of it will be a succession of shop-fronts arranged in complicated disorder.

## REVIEWS.

### LAST POEMS.\*

MRS. BROWNING'S latest poems are not unworthy of her genius and her fame. She was not, and she never would have become, a perfect artist; but no Englishwoman has approached so nearly the highest region of poetry. Her inspiration, though intermittent and often confused and obscure, was thoroughly genuine, and even in her mistakes and failures there was no prosaic element. Many poetesses have given graceful expression to the various moods of affection and passion. Mrs. Browning accomplished a more difficult task by combining earnest and concentrated thought with intense and sometimes overstrained feeling. Her figurative rendering of curious analytical processes occasionally produces an almost painful surprise and admiration. The metaphorical enigma, from apparently inextricable complication leads at last to some unexpected solution which is at once recognised as true; and yet the intellectual feat is evidently the result, not of deliberate calculation, but of unconscious and sustained excitement. Her far-fetched illustrations would be tedious puzzles, if they were not imaginative rather than ingenious. Although her views of the objects which she describes are peculiar and eccentric, she cannot be charged with affectation when she

\* *Last Poems.* By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 1862.



simply reproduces the impression which she has first experienced herself.

Those women who are capable of appreciating Mrs. Browning's compositions not inexcusably believe that she rose to the level of great poets, and it is not altogether easy to explain the failure of an experiment which has perhaps never been tried with equal facilities for success. If Destiny and Nature had intended that a great poem should be written by a woman, *Aurora Leigh* would perhaps have proved the creative equality of the sexes. Few volumes contain so many harmonious verses, and the abundance of language only corresponds to the fulness of matter. Widely read, although not deeply learned — thoughtful, impassioned, eloquent, and after a fashion even logical — Mrs. Browning in her most elaborate work only succeeded in producing a chaotic mass of poetical fancies. The feverish eagerness of her habitual style was the opposite of the calm and cheerful superiority of a great artist. Her total want of even latent and potential humour converted her ignorance of the world into habitual incapacity of understanding practical life. Except where emotion was the spring of action, she had little sense of reality, and her epic and dramatic efforts represent an inconceivable world moving only in a jerking succession of paroxysms. No fairy tale or pantomime is more remote from possible experience than the story of *Aurora Leigh*. The inspiration of Sibyls and Delphic priestesses is still, as of old, accompanied by contortions. To possess a great subject without being possessed by it seems to be the exclusive privilege of masculine genius. Women often excel in the description of character and manners, and when, for purposes of fiction, they dabble in law, they only exaggerate the blunders of laymen. Their political sermons and prophecies generally display a credulous partisanship, and in attempting large generalizations they are abandoned by the instinctive perception of expediency and right which serves them so well in practice. As Mrs. Browning was in some respects superior in ability to any woman of her time, it is not disrespectful to her memory to illustrate by her example the qualities and uniform limits of the female intellect.

Knowledge of the world and practical sense of probability are little required in short lyrical and reflective poems. Some parts of the present volume are touching, and many passages are characteristically impressive. A simple and ordinary grief is sometimes made fresher and more solemn by associations at the same time remote, appropriate, and sublime. The death of a girl of thirteen gives Mrs. Browning an opportunity of contrasting the dependent simplicity of childhood, with the approximate omniscience which belongs, according to her poetical assumption, to disembodied spirits. The fancied change is but an embellishment of the mysterious reverence for death which succeeds to the parental consciousness of superiority and protection.

Just so young but yesternight,  
Now she is as old as death.  
Meek, obedient in your sight,  
Gentle to a beck or breath  
Only on last Monday. Yours,  
Answering you like silver bells  
Lightly touched! An hour matures:  
You can teach her nothing else —  
She has seen the mystery hid  
Under Egypt's pyramid.  
By those eyelids pale and close  
Now she knows what Rhames knows.

The pathetic definiteness of the reference to "last Monday" would only have occurred to a true poet or poetess. It matters little whether Mrs. Browning really entertained a dreamy belief that intellectual growth and maturity followed instantaneously on death. The doctrine is properly used, not for purposes of dogmatic teaching, but as a vehicle for the imaginative contemplation of a special loss. The little girl of "last Monday" may or may not be initiated in forgotten mysteries, but she is as far off as any semi-fabulous Pharaoh from human knowledge and from loving intercourse.

The lament of *Bianca among the Nightingales* — a devoted Italian Ariadne mourning for an English Theseus in his own country — is a more passionate utterance of sorrow and indignation. Nothing can be more natural than a burst of anger against the Northern climate and landscape; and perhaps Mrs. Browning was glad of the opportunity of venting, with dramatic propriety, the morbid antipathy which she seems to have entertained against her native country: —

I marvel how the birds can sing,  
There's little difference, in their view,  
Betwixt our Tuscan trees that spring  
As vital flames into the blue,  
And dull round blots of foliage meant,  
Like saturated sponges here,  
To suck the fogs up. As content  
To be too in this land, 'tis clear —  
And still they sing, the nightingales.

The contrast between English fogs and Florence in festive illumination with its buildings reflected from the Arno is brilliantly drawn: —

My native Florence! dear, forgone!  
I see across the Alpine ridge  
How the last feast-day of St. John  
Shot rockets from Carrara Bridge.  
The luminous city, tall with fire,  
Trod deep down in that river of ours,  
While many a boat with lamp and choir  
Skimmed bird-like over glittering towers —  
I will not hear those nightingales.

The conclusion of the poem is singularly beautiful, and it is

true to that nature of passion and tempestuous emotion which Mrs. Browning understood far better than the commonplace dealings of everyday life: —

Let her pass.

I think of her by night and day;  
Must I, too, join her — out, alas! —  
With Giulio in each word I say?  
And evermore the nightingales.  
Giulio, my Giulio! sing they so,  
And you be silent? Do I speak  
And you not hear? An arm you throw  
Round some one, and I feel so weak!  
Oh! owl-like birds! They sing for spite,  
They sing for hate, they sing for doom!  
They'll sing through death who sing through night,  
They'll sing and stun me in the tomb —  
The nightingales, the nightingales.

A subtle perception of the sequence of thought under the impulse of jealous despair would not of itself necessarily have suggested a poetical form of representation. Native aptitude, improved by lifelong cultivation, had given Mrs. Browning an easy command of rhythm and of musical language. In her happier passages she displays a mastery of the mechanism of her art, which her frequent negligence proves her to have undervalued. A polemic zeal in controversy, and an unrestrained impatience to utter all her mind, often tempted her into the use of awkward and ungainly phrases, and in her unlucky political poems she trifled with absurd rhymes and cant expressions, as if from a vain desire to indulge a playfulness which was wholly foreign to her nature. An imaginary Bianca, tormented by the ceaseless song of alien nightingales, was to her incomparably more intelligible and real than the business or pleasure which she watched from her windows, or misunderstood in the newspapers. It is not surprising that she wrote better poetry when she confined herself to subjects within the range of her own sympathy and comprehension. Her declamations in verse about English oppression and Italian liberty are sometimes eloquent, often intemperate and feeble, and uniformly unsatisfactory to sound taste and to critical intelligence. Imaginative thought and querulous emptiness were not likely to produce similar results. The words

An arm you throw  
Round some one, and I feel so weak,

are worth volumes of blank verse socialism, and liberalism in rhyme. There may, perhaps, be no necessary antagonism between poetry and politics; but Dante, Milton, and Dryden were men of the world and partisans before they gave a poetic immortality to their favourite theories and factions. Mrs. Browning, like Shelley, regarded public affairs with a querulous anger, as the scene of an unintelligible conflict between abstract right and embodied wrong. It might be natural for a lady of enthusiastic disposition and secluded habits to believe that absolute government was diabolical at Milan and divine at Paris, but a fantastic and impossible chimera is not susceptible of artistic treatment. Within the sphere of personal experience and reflection her very illusions were more imaginative and more consistent.

In common with many of her predecessors, Mrs. Browning fancied that poets are subjected to special disabilities as an equivalent for their peculiar gifts. Morally crippled from their birth, as monks and nuns by their dedication, the favoured and blighted race are supposed to move among mankind oppressed by mysterious sorrows, and yet borne up by unearthly impulses, objects of a mixed compassion and reverence, which it is their principal business to cultivate and enforce. Shelley's picture of himself, as one of the attendants at the obsequies of Adonais, might almost reconcile even a healthy imagination to a false and morbid ideal. —

His head was bound with pansies overblown,  
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue,  
And a light spear tipped with a cypress cone,  
Around whose base dark ivy tresses grew,  
All dripping with the forest's noon-tide dew,  
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart,  
Shook the weak hand that grasped it. Of that crew  
He came the last, neglected and apart,  
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart.

As it appears from many passages in Mrs. Browning's writings that she suffered much from pain and ill health, she may well be excused for confusing weakness and depression with the poetical faculty, which may perhaps have been their best corrective. The theory that the poet is a self-immolated being is gracefully allegorized in *The Musical Instrument*, or the pipe first formed by Pan from the reed which in another version became a nymph: —

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,  
(How tall it stood in the river)  
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
And notched the poor, dry, empty thing,  
In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,  
(Laughed while he sat by the river),  
"The only way since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could succeed!"  
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!  
Piercing sweet by the river!  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!  
The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
To laugh as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man;  
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,  
For the reed which grows never more again  
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

There is singular skill and felicity in the imitative lines which represent the shrill music of the pipe :—

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!  
Piercing sweet by the river,

and in poetry the treatment is so far more important than the subject-matter, that the dispute between the satyr-god and the more squeamish denizens of Olympus may well be left unadjusted. It is only for the benefit of young ladies and gentlemen of poetical temperament, who are neither Shelleys nor Mrs. Brownings, that it is expedient to protest against the apotheosis of irritable nerves and weak digestion. It is impossible to conceive Homer or Sophocles, Virgil, Chaucer, or Shakspeare, twaddling about their own incapacity to take their part in the ordinary proceedings of the world. If a less illustrious and contemporary example is more impressive, young poets will do well to study the bright and sunny pastorals of Mr. Barnes, who never disfigures his exquisite groups and landscapes by a dismal sketch of himself in a sable suit in the background. Melancholy and discontent, running almost naturally into a dismal jingle, offer the same facilities to versifiers which a hook-nosed profile presents to an apprentice in drawing. It is a misfortune when a temptation is perverted into a rule. Strong intellects emancipate themselves from any early prejudice which they may have contracted in favour of helplessness and despair. Even the sulky Muse of *Childe Harold* took to joking and laughing in *Don Juan*.

Mrs. Browning's poems will never be really popular. The irregularities, the recondite conceits, the hysterical vehemence which is substituted for force, repel unambitious tastes, as they fail to satisfy the demands of criticism. Literary immortality depends on style as its indispensable condition, if not as its originating cause. Simplicity and repose reproduce themselves only in the language of writers who have the strength and confidence to take their inspiration coolly. It is natural that a poetess should be carried away by her generous hopes and sympathies; but a poet must be as self-possessed as an advocate or a statesman in the midst of his most impassioned appeal. Although, however, Mrs. Browning's poems are not destined for permanent currency, they are at present cordially admired by that intelligent and enthusiastic section of the community which appreciates the eloquent utterance of what it supposes to be its own aspirations and feelings. *Aurora Leigh* has passed through four or five editions, and the *Last Poems* will justify the interest which would in any case attach to departed genius. When contemporary modes of thought have ceased to furnish a key to the peculiarities of Mrs. Browning's manner, her fame, surviving her popularity, will from time to time induce curious inquirers to disinter portions of her works for the benefit of future generations. In the mean time, it is satisfactory to know that she enjoyed in her lifetime the hearty admiration of all but ordinary readers, and of all but fastidious critics.

#### LUDLOW'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.\*

WE confess to a certain prejudice against authors who have always something to say about the immediate subject of the day, and also, as a general rule, to a certain prejudice against books made up out of popular Lectures. When Mr. Ludlow comes forth with a book about America now, it does not prepossess us in his favour to be reminded that he wrote a book about India at the time when India was the subject which everybody was talking about. Such books can seldom be of much use. History cannot be written while events are going on—all that can then be done is to gather the materials for future history. But books like Mr. Ludlow's are neither historical nor documentary. They are neither history, nor the materials for future history. They may indeed, if very well done, serve a useful temporary purpose. When any great war breaks out, or when any great political question begins to be argued, the mass of men are sure to be ignorant of many of those previous facts without which the question cannot be understood. Be the subject of interest Turkey, or India, or America, or Italy, or anything else, a vast mass of Englishmen are sure to think themselves bound to have an opinion about the matter without having the knowledge which is needful to form an opinion. While Turkey or America keeps quiet, people take no heed to its affairs, and, therefore, when the disturbance comes, they have no notion of the causes of the disturbance. Two or three years ago, there was nothing about which most persons really knew less than about the affairs of the United States. To most Englishmen the Federal Constitution is an insoluble puzzle. We have seen this reflected in the best mirror of the average Englishmen's state of mind—the leading articles in the *Times*. At one moment the *Times* gets hold of one side of the system, and talks as if there were no such thing as a sovereign State. At another moment it gets hold of the other side, and talks as if there were no such thing as an equally sovereign Union. At a third it affirms that there is no way of amending the Federal Constitution. So it is in other quarters where better knowledge might be looked for. In October, 1861, the *Edinburgh Review* made by implication the

opposite blunder of supposing that Congress alone—if not that the House of Representatives alone—could amend the Constitution. In January, 1862, it admits—observe the delicate distinctions of the high-polite style—"an inaccuracy, we should rather say, an inadvertence," and goes on with another blundering account of the process of amendment, which simply shows that the writer either has not read, or cannot understand, the American Constitution. Meanwhile, in order that ignorance may be at least impartially distributed, the *Quarterly* sets it down as one of the merits of Virginia to have produced Alexander Hamilton, the glory of New York, and speaks of each State as having "a mimic Congress." Now the Legislatures of the original States are simply the old Colonial Legislatures, with such changes as were made at and since the Declaration of Independence. Consequently, the State Legislatures, in some shape or other, are not mimic Congresses, but institutions older than Congress in any shape. And if what is meant is the particular form of a Senate and House of Representatives, which is common to the Federal Congress and most of the State Legislatures, this again is older in the States than it is in the Union; and the form of the State Legislatures was, to a great degree, the model which determined the form finally taken by Congress. In such a state of general ignorance as this, anybody does a good service who explains, in a clear and popular way, the historical and constitutional facts a knowledge of which is necessary to understand the present struggle. For this a popular lecture is no bad form, and such a lecture may be well worth printing in its naked simplicity. Just now, we do not expect anybody to be strictly impartial; we do not care whether the tendencies of such a statement are Southern or Northern; only let the historical and legal facts be accurately given, and the author may draw any inferences from them that he pleases. We do not therefore complain that Mr. Ludlow's sympathies are strongly Northern, and that he clearly does not do justice to the Southern side. Mr. Beresford Hope, Mr. Spence, and others are quite ready to correct him. And we freely acknowledge that Mr. Ludlow's book contains a good deal of information which most Englishmen want, put in a fairly clear, though not a particularly interesting way. What we do complain of is that he has given to his *Sketch* an unpleasant form—half book, half lecture—as if a thing essentially temporary had been smitten with a sort of incomplete desire to make itself into something permanent. Those who do not know or care anything about the "Working Men's College" will perhaps think that nothing very great could be expected from such a mode of composition as Mr. Ludlow describes in the following words :—

One word more. I have retained the form of lectures in the present publication, although much of the work was not delivered orally at all, and much of it delivered in a different shape and connection. To those who may dislike the form, I will only say, that it is pleasanter for me, by means of it, to feel myself still addressing my friends, the students of the Working Men's College, than merely to write for an unknown, impalpable, indefinite public; and I trust that my pupils themselves will in like manner take the book itself, so addressed primarily to them, as some compensation for the haste and imperfection which marked, I am well aware, my actual lectures.

Now we are certainly among those who "dislike the form" of lectures, though we by no means dislike the reality. A real lecture, actually delivered, with all the requisites of a lecture—with something more of personal feeling, something more both of simplicity and of rhetoric, than suits a mere book to be read—is a distinct kind of composition, and, if good in its own kind, is very good indeed. But no possible good can come of a man who sits in his study, making-believe to write a lecture for his friends of the Working Men's College, while he is really writing a book for what he is pleased somewhat queerly to call "the unknown, indefinite, impalpable public." We suspect that writers of much greater powers than Mr. Ludlow would make a mess of it if they wrote after this fashion. That Mr. Ludlow is somewhat hazy in his way of expressing himself is clear from the following extract. He is speaking of the outrage on the *Trent* :—

The mischievous absurdity of the act was to none more painful than to those who, like myself, confess to an absolute want of sympathy with the Southern cause. In doing so, America, as she has herself since practically admitted, belied the whole tradition of her past history, and that staunch maintenance of the rights of neutrals which alone gave once a character to her foreign policy. Americans are proverbially touchy in matters affecting the national honour; and it required but common sense to feel that we, their kinsmen, could not brook such an outrage as Captain Wilkes chose to perpetrate. They should have known that, in the face of an affront to a policy which the interests of liberty throughout the world require to be preserved inviolable, there could be no distinction of parties, no selection of sympathies, in England, but a full reliance on the sense of national honour in the Government, and a full determination to support it in any measures which it might deem fit for vindicating that honour. The consciousness of England's strength was the only consideration which could enable an Englishman to bear with some calmness an act so irritating in form and in substance, and which the folly of the American press and American Congress contrived to render yet more offensive.

Now this is all very good sense and very proper feeling, and it shows that Mr. Ludlow, strong as his Northern sympathies are, does not let himself be carried away by them into anything inconsistent with his duty as an Englishman. But in what an awkward and roundabout way he says everything! "Those who, like myself, confess to an absolute want of sympathy with the Southern cause." "That staunch maintenance, &c., which alone gave once a character to her foreign policy." Then the sentence beginning "They should have known" puzzled us almost as much as if it had been an imperial declaration about an idea, or even a prophecy about the destinies of the American people. We imagine Mr. Ludlow to mean something like this :—"England was determined to be

\* *A Sketch of the History of the United States from Independence to Secession* By J. M. Ludlow. To which is added, *The Struggle for Kansas*. By Thomas Hughes. Cambridge and London: Macmillan and Co. 1862.



neutral; it was for the interests of liberty throughout the world that England should be neutral; if England was hindered or wronged in carrying out her neutrality, she would impartially vindicate her honour against one side just as much as the other. No sentiments can possibly be sounder; but why then wrap them up in such queer talk as "in the face of an affront to a policy," "selection of sympathies," "reliance on the sense of national honour in the Government?" We believe that we now know what Mr. Ludlow means, and his meaning is highly creditable to him, but we assure him that we read the sentence over twice or thrice before we could get any meaning out of it at all.

Mr. Ludlow seldom writes harshly or violently till towards the end of his task, when he gets very violent indeed. But he is throughout an enthusiast. He writes throughout with the one idea of Slavery before his eyes, and he falls into all the cant of the Abolitionist party. We hear all about "buying human flesh cheap," "polluting God's earth," and so forth; and though he allows that the North did not go to war to abolish slavery, yet "in going to war for nationality, it did go to war for a very high and holy thing." This "high and holy" sort of writing is a thing which we never greatly fancy, and just here it seems singularly misapplied. The North is certainly not "going to war for nationality" in any intelligible sense of the words. A war for nationality must surely be something like a war on the part of Italy to recover Rome and Venice—a war on the part of Hungary to get rid of the yoke of Austria—a war, in short, to set somebody free, not to conquer somebody. It is an odd use of the words to apply them to a war waged to compel certain people to remain part of a certain nation against their will. If President Lincoln is waging a high and holy war in order to prevent the American nation from being divided, it is evident that George the Third's war to prevent the English nation from being divided must have been equally high and holy. At our distance, of place in the one case and of time in the other, we can see the folly of both. But we can also see that the war appealed, in both cases, to such natural and universal passions that we are not disposed in either case harshly to condemn those who yielded to them. Kings and commonwealths alike are apt to do very foolish things when national honour or national dominion is thought to be touched. There are such palpable elements of right and wrong on both sides that we are indisposed to apply strong language to either cause, as a cause, however much it may be called for by particular actions on either side. But the height and holiness of the Northern cause is something which really is quite beyond us.

Mr. Ludlow grapples fiercely, and sometimes successfully, with Mr. Spence and the other advocates of the South, as to the constitutional right of secession. But he hardly seems to see that there are three distinct issues involved in any practical judgment on the present struggle. 1st.—Was Secession constitutional? 2ndly.—Was Secession, though unconstitutional, yet morally justifiable? 3rdly.—Now that Secession has actually taken place, is reunion, especially forcible reunion, desirable? On the first count Mr. Ludlow's triumph is easy. The second is a doubtful point, and is by no means ruled by the answer given to the first. No doubt Washington was technically as much a rebel as Smith O'Brien, but the world has agreed to draw a wide distinction between the two men. The third is Mr. Spence's strong ground, from which it will be very hard for Mr. Ludlow or anybody else to dislodge him. It is much easier to talk in the "high and holy" vein than to evade manifest facts. Even in Mr. Ludlow's own point of view, the separation will be a gain. He lets this out in the following passage:—

The war at the North is not one for the abolition of slavery. But it cannot be one under the yet unamended Constitution. Abolition might no doubt be justifiable, according to circumstances, by the necessities of military law; under the somewhat unworthy name of "confiscation," it is practically proceeding with the progress of the war, and the resistance opposed to it. But it will only become practicable, as a deliberate act of the national will, through an amendment of the Constitution; and this again will only be possible when, either through an addition to the present nominal number of states, or through a reduction of that number, by recognising the Southern Confederacy, the requisite assent of three-fourths of the states can be obtained.

It is clear, then, according to Mr. Ludlow's own showing, that Abolition under the old Union was impossible, but that Secession has made it possible. The thing is, in fact, proving itself before our own eyes. Congress is abolishing slavery in the only district where it has the constitutional right directly to abolish it. It is passing measures offering its co-operation where it can only recommend, and not command. It is only since Secession that either of these steps in Mr. Ludlow's direction could have been taken.

The truth is, that though Secession must always be something revolutionary, and cannot be a really constitutional act, yet in a Federal system there are many things which diminish its revolutionary look, and give it a quasi-constitutional character. In any Federation, the exact limits of Federal and of State authority will naturally be the question about which differences will arise, and political parties will be formed. Every form of government has some weak point of the kind; and this is the weak point in a Federal system. The cry of State Rights will always be the easiest and most popular cry that any disaffected party can raise. The North knows this just as well as the South. The Northern State of Rhode Island was the last to accept the Constitution, and Massachusetts has threatened secession as well as South Carolina. If South Carolina "nullified" a tariff, Northern States have passed Personal Liberty Acts which were just as much in the teeth of the Constitution. Possibly, to nullify a tariff is a selfish proceeding,

while to pass a Personal Liberty Act is a "high and holy thing;" but, as a mere hard matter of law, one is as unconstitutional as the other. That the cry of Union comes from the North, and the cry of Secession from the South, is purely accidental. We have yet to see how the Southern Federation would deal with a State which exercised the right of secession a second time.

Mr. Ludlow, as a partisan writer, is blind to many important aspects of the question with which he deals. But we do not think he is ever consciously unfair. Even when he calls the whole Southern people "monomaniacs," and the whole South a "mad-house," it is meant to be a judgment of charity. And, when his particular hobbies do not come in his way, he brings out some points very fairly. For instance, he works out well enough the gradual change from the great Presidents to the small ones. General Jackson seems to be the intermediate link, and Mr. Ludlow's defence of him is worth reading, though it is rather too much to call Tocqueville a "shallow thinker," even if he unduly depreciated him. Of course Jackson's vigorous assertion of Union principles against the nullifiers is what calls out Mr. Ludlow's admiration. But there is nothing new under the sun, and nullification did not first grow in South Carolina. In the year B.C. 219, three cities of the Achaian League nullified a tariff, and the President, unlike Jackson, found the nullifiers for a season too much for him.

#### WARP AND WOOF.\*

THERE is no denying the fact that novel heroes are not what they used to be. As far as the memory of the present generation extends, they have been undergoing a process of constant degeneration. While the traditions of the great war endured, they were gallant soldiers or sailors, fit heroes of romance, admirable for their good stories and dashing manners. Such novels, however, were only for the worldly and the frivolous. For the relaxation of the serious, another kind of composition arose, recording the vicissitudes of a different type of love-making. The fighting hero gave way to the preaching hero. Hearts were won at truly pious tea-parties, and flirtations were conducted in the form of *tête-à-tête* Apocalyptic readings. For tales of the war were substituted spiritual experiences; and the villain of the plot, who had formerly been a profligate lord, became a disguised Jesuit instead. The Oxford movement grew out of the Evangelical, and subjected the hero to yet another metamorphosis. His whiskers were shaved, his waistcoat developed into an undergrown cassock; he conquered his fair one's heart by an ascetic wanness of cheek; and, instead of exchanging sweet experiences, he received comfortable confessions. Perhaps, during the domination of this fashion, it was more customary to make the hero a layman with scruples, undergoing a process of conversion; for the difficulty of a clerical lover was that his principles forbade him to marry, so that after three volumes of edifying love-making it was absolutely indispensable to kill his lady-love of consumption. In the end, however, ascetic clergyman and convertible layman both of them passed away, as the anti-polemic reaction of these latter years set in. The weariness of controversy which seized hold of the world at large spread as far as the consumers of circulating libraries; and even the young ladies at a watering-place ceased to care to read how the most charming of women, and the most scrupulous of men, could taste the sweets of courtship and conversion at the same time. A more materialist tone began to prevail. For a short time the muscular clergy came into fashion. Preaching the gospel of the flesh, and living pattern lives of athletic piety, they furnished a compromise by the help of which the old spiritual enthusiasm could be decently and gradually laid aside. But the muscular school only inspired the novel-writer for a brief transition period. We have descended to a lower stage since then, and have bid a more emphatic farewell to the enthusiastic temper of fifteen years ago. The materialist revolution is now complete, and the popular hero of a three-volume novel is a country doctor.

Such a phenomenon is not very easy to understand. There is nothing peculiarly suggestive of love at first sight in a country doctor. His is not a romantic occupation. It furnishes him with none of the spirit-stirring themes upon which the soldier or the clergyman may descant. The soldier may kindle the rapture of his fair listener by recounting how his regiment charged in their last battle, and turned the fortune of the day; but a doctor will scarcely excite tender emotions by describing how his leeches bit when last he was sent for to the workhouse. A clergyman may touch his hearer's heart in telling how his exhortations had softened a stubborn conscience; but a doctor would be rewarded with no beaming smile for telling how his medicines had conquered a stubborn duodenum. The prevailing taste, therefore, for making heroes of romance out of country doctors appears, at first sight, to be an imaginative *tour de force*—a determined effort to elicit poetry out of the most unpromising materials. Another and a simpler solution is suggested by the very large governess element which enters into the novel-writing sisterhood just at present. The mortifications and sufferings of a governess are almost as favourite a raw material for a love-plot as the fascinations of a country doctor. Nothing can be more natural than the juxtaposition. Nothing is more fitting than that the governess should idealize the doctor. He is the only educated man with whom she has much intercourse, and she cannot but look with some reverence upon the potentate to whom even the mistress that bullies her pays an abject sub-

\* *Warp and Woof: or the Reminiscences of Doris Fletcher.* By Holme Lee. London: Smith and Elder.

mission. The subjects upon which they converse are not, it is true, of a tender character; but a flirtation will grow out of even more barren soils than whooping-cough and influenza.

*Warp and Woof* is eminently a tale of the modern type. One might almost say that all the men are country-doctors and all the women governesses. At least the principal heroine is a governess, and the second heroine is a governess, and the villain of the piece, across whose machinations true love painfully conquers its reward, is also a governess. The hero—a lover of a dark, suspicious, Othello-like character—is a country doctor; and besides him there are three other doctors in the story. It is said that the modern novel-writer is the lineal descendant of the troubadour. It is fortunate for him that he has not inherited the metrical obligations under which his predecessors lay, and is not obliged to clothe in verse the loves, not of knights and ladies, but of “doctors and governesses gay.” Still, in spite of the realistic elements of which it is composed, *Warp and Woof* is a clever production. The plot, such as it is, turns upon the mischief which can be done in a family by the ascendancy which one member of it often contrives to obtain by a well-sustained strategy of minute bullying. Ursula is so faithful a picture of the domineering daughter that she must have been drawn from life. Among the many types of young ladies that have been given to the world, this is one to which sufficient justice has hardly been done. Of course it requires a peculiarly favourable atmosphere of parental and sisterly imbecility in order to grow to its full perfection. It is astonishing with what ease a loud voice and a reckless self-confidence will establish a domestic tyranny, and how piteously the parents and other sisters groan over their fate, and how powerless they are to shake off the yoke. Ursula is surrounded by an accommodating family of this kind, consisting of parents and two sisters, who obey with a full conscience of their bondage and loud lamentations over its weight. Under her guidance they lead very uncomfortable lives, and get into very formidable scrapes, which she contrives to prove are entirely their own fault, and from which they certainly would have escaped if they had only attended to her. The heroine, Ursula's younger sister, is a beauty, and Ursula is jealous of her on this account. Under the influence of this feeling, she devotes all her authority to the object of making her sister unhappy. This is the fountain from which flow all the troubles that are necessary to make the history of true love cover the space of three octavo volumes. The parents implicitly obey, and so does the heroine; and the proper chain of foolish blunders and perverse misunderstandings is readily woven. It is difficult to foresee why it should not go on indefinitely twisting itself into new complications, when an old maid, who has a platonic attachment for the hero, steps in, explains things just at the right moment, unveils the villain, and unites the lover.

It is obvious that a plot constructed exclusively out of household politics must be meagre. It may be philosophically true that human nature is as truly depicted in a minute record of how three young ladies snapped at each other about their lovers and their tea-parties at breakfast in a small cottage in a country village, as in the most stirring and active scenes; but so long as human nature is as weak as it is now, such narratives will be thought insipid. Even Miss Austen, who was more successful in throwing the interest of romance round a mere photograph of the daily life of common-place persons than any one else has been before or since, in most of her novels has shown that she felt the necessity of adventitious aid in the shape of a mystery of some kind. *Warp and Woof* is too bold an effort in the photographic style of novel-writing to be successful, as far as the mere interest of the plot is concerned. It is possibly truer to nature than more eventful narratives—for the average of life is unquestionably dull. But a languid generation requires stimulating diet, and cannot dine satisfactorily off a repast of milk soup and cold veal. It is necessary to treat the realities of life as the Bordeaux merchants treat their wines—to doctor them with brandy before they are put upon the English market. The novel before us will earn for its authoress more credit as a gallery of female portraits than as a tale of love-making, quarrelling, and happy marriage, after the usual pattern. There is not a single male character who leaves upon the reader's mind any distinct impression at all. The only thing one can remember of them is the letters that form their names. The amorous country doctor is perhaps an exception, but his character is—so far as it is drawn—so impossible that it had almost better have been absolutely indistinct. But when we pass from the men to the women, the contrast is very strong. Whether they appear prominently, or are only mentioned cursorily, the character of every one is drawn in strong outlines with a firm and skilful hand. The only qualification that must be made to this acknowledgment is in the case of the married women. The male element, which may be supposed to have infected their characters, renders them partially unintelligible to the authoress's perceptions. But she is generally careful to avoid these ambiguous, epicene, specimens of femininity. Her portrait-gallery, in the main, is a gallery of maidens, old and young; and in the delineation of these her pencil is unsurpassed. In fact, nature appears to have destined her, by the call of a special talent, to compose a Natural History of Old Maids. Perhaps they are not the most interesting portions of creation; but life-like characters of any kind are a rarity, and we must be grateful for what we can get. We must accept Holme Lee's Old Maids as we accept a Dutch master's picture of drunken boors, admiring the fidelity with which what is not admirable is reproduced.

#### BIOGRAPHIES OF GOOD WOMEN.\*

THIS earth undoubtedly contains a great many square miles, and inhabitants enough to impress the imagination; but occasions frequently arise when we are struck rather with a sense of narrowness than space, and in which we are driven to wonder how few people there are after all in the world, so that there are persons who seem to know them all. Set two men together from opposite corners of England, whose mania is a universal acquaintance, who treasure up names, who never forget any one they ever met or heard of—what discoveries of mutual “friends” cheer them on! how soon society is ransacked and exhausted between them! Go where we will, into any remote end of the earth, we shall certainly find somebody to tell us more than we knew before of our next-door neighbour. No man can ever hope to leave himself behind—to enter upon an existence of new scenes, new topics, new persons. Somebody, wherever we go, is sure to turn up to recall and to restore us to our old selves, to remind us that mankind is one vast family of cousins.

And if there are few people in the aggregate—if society as a general term is limited, and capable of being exhausted—it needs no logic to prove that, separated into distinctions, society is still sooner exhausted. How soon we come to an end of appropriate examples of any line of thought, intellect, or action! People now-a-days are constantly trying to make classified lists, arranging names symmetrically, illustrating views or facts by an array of instances selected from a general survey of mankind; and here, again, with the world all before them whence to choose, they are evidently embarrassed by the narrowness of their field. How few distinguished people there are, or ever have been! If you try to select names out of history to illustrate any principle or virtue, how immediately you come upon old appropriated ground! Unearth inscriptions that have hid themselves for thousands of years, with magical sagacity decypher the forgotten character, and behold! Tiglath Pileser, and a host of names which we have known longer than our oldest friends. No! universal acquaintance is not a mere figure of speech. Take a man of tenacious memory, well read, and who has made the most of his opportunities both with books and men, and he “knows everybody,” he “knows the world,” he “knows mankind,” and all the other knowledges applied to express this sort of intelligence, with a kind of literal accuracy beyond the intention of the speaker.

And if great men, wise men, brave men, can be counted, what shall we say of good men?—good men, say, of a given country and a given creed—good Churchmen, good Puritans, good Evangelicals. Do not the same names occur to all of us, and does not the list come at once to an end? And, lastly, to turn to the subject of our present comment, what shall we say of good women? It is really quite depressing to find how few good women there are—how we have them all on our fingers' ends—how slowly the catalogue increases. Of course the first impression of the compiler of such a catalogue is that there are innumerable good women, just of his or her sort, which he shall bring together from memory and unfamiliar books in no time. He sketches to himself the plan of an interesting and original book, a new revelation of female excellence—fresh, unhackneyed, harmonizing each with the other, and making a consistent whole, illustrating some view he has very much at heart—for we are not now concerned with the mere book-maker. But he is forced to modify his plan simply from lack of materials. Unless you go to the obituary of the *Methodist Magazine*, it is clear there are not good women enough of a sort to make a perfectly consistent book. If it could have been done, the author of the *Heir of Redcliffe* undoubtedly would have done it, for her books show a very distinct view of what female excellence should be, as well as a more than ordinary range of reading and general information, both contemporary and historical. And yet Miss Yonge, and ladies under her editorship, have been able to find very few quite new good women, and they have been forced to reproduce and give fresh versions of some old-established time-honoured ones. The truth is, that the reserve and seclusion of domestic life prevent there being records of simple, unobtrusive goodness, except where a strong religious partisanship breaks through the barrier, and gives us some memoir, faulty in style and taste, and so bent on proving a dogma that no individuality of character can stand against the levelling influence. Where the same flavour pervades every dish, we can hardly distinguish ingredients. A life of uneventful goodness, passed in the performance of the duties of an ordinary position, can only be rendered interesting by great literary skill. The subject of it has an important place in the world, but it is as a living example. The very monotony of her work, contrasted with the soul and energy she throws into it, enhances her charm and attraction to friends and lookers-on. But such is not the life to excite posthumous interest. All that the best of women, under ordinary circumstances, can do for the world outside her personal influence and sphere of labour, is to strengthen the general respect for women, and to raise the standard of excellence in her own sex.

We find, then, that good women cannot be fairly represented on paper without the adjuncts of certain picturesque circumstances. Either troubled times must throw them into romantic predicaments, and develope courage and resource which a private life gives no scope for, or there must be rank, or unusual ability, or exceptional misfortune, or some singularity of character which accident makes the best of. We are happy to say

\* *Biographies of Good Women*. Edited by the Author of “*The Heir of Redcliffe*.” J. & C. Mozley, Paternoster Row.



that we could, out of the circle of our acquaintance, select certain ladies whom we believe as good women as any the present work contains—as useful, as self-devoted, as self-denying, as religious. Indeed, we would match them, one and all, against the formidable Lady Balcarras. But they would not only be very much surprized to find themselves in print, but also, we admit, would not make the same fine figure there as some of Miss Yonge's bright, spirited, and amusing heroines, whose career we see perfectly adapts them for biography—circumstances having invested them with a halo and prestige which no woman in strictly private life could gain without some sacrifice of her womanly qualities. The aim of the book is to show what women are capable of, without transgressing these limits, which the editor is careful most jealously to preserve. Indeed, there are admissions of weakness which will bring her into collision with the strong-minded of her sex; as where she gives it as her opinion—probably the result of observation and experience, in a time of religious excitement—"that few women have sufficient independent power to resist the leading of a master mind."

That women find it hard to stand alone is of course felt to be matter for regret; but it has determined the line of a work undertaken to offer the stimulus of noble example to the young people of our easy days. We are shown women in the attractive, and for them the most attainable, form of heroism—the heroism of the affections; and many pictures of self-sacrifice are set before young ladies in what we cannot but consider persuasive, nay, tempting forms. Thus it is in the case of Lady Grisell Baillie. The heroic cheerfulness of the Hume family, of which she was the eldest daughter, is enough to inspire all readers with a longing for adventure. We can imagine that girls of our own day, confined to the strict surveillance of a governess, and enduring all the preliminary pains of accomplishments, may look with envy on the fair, lively, active Grisell, "who all her life never felt a dislike to anything that was proper to be done," full of resources, helping everybody, managing for everybody, doing servant's work without losing caste by it, cooking, sweeping, dusting, carrying corn to be ground, crossing seas alone, taking her little sister on her back from the Brill to Rotterdam, and all for a high political cause, and with the indemnification of a devoted, aristocratic young lover. Even spending nights with her father in hiding in the family vault, though a grim form of excitement, or sitting up till dawn to construct her brother's point-lace cravats, that he might make a proper figure in his regiment, would not be without attractions to those who are urged unwillingly to bed before they realize that they are sleepy, and who, in their own persons, know nothing worse than monotony. Then, as a dutiful model wife, there is Lady Fanshawe, petted by and idolizing her husband, leading a life of alternate straits and grandeur, both equally charming in the telling. Whether she is shown standing under his prison windows in the rain till the "rain ran in at her neck and out at her heels"—or in the cabin-boy's cap and jacket close to his side in a sea-engagement, unrecognised till all was over, when, "spying her, Mr. Fanshawe snatched her in his arms, crying 'that love should make such a change'"—or glorious as ambassadress at the Court of Spain—we see her always self-possessed, and always with the most delightful occasions presenting themselves for the exercise of her presence of mind. And on the other side, we have Mrs. Hutchinson, dignifying even the Parliamentary cause, not generally in favour with ladies, by her self-forgetting devotion to her husband, and her implicit reliance on his judgment—though, as befits the inferior cause, not always with the same regard to his honour—and Lady Rachel Russell, so sublime in her sorrows as to give to grief itself a sort of charm.

Sympathies of another sort will be raised for the household of the "strict mother," Lady Balcarras, whose fine-spirited, affectionate children must have won for their mother her place in this catalogue. On the whole, they seem to have been proud of their bringing up, and could look back on its severity with amusement—as does the editor, charmed with the results, or the quaint and humorous picture of a home drawn by the lively pen of the eldest daughter, Lady Anne Lyndsey, who wrote *Auld Robin Gray*. Wherever there is justice, a certain amount of liberty and a tone of magnanimity in the parents, the education may be severe without harm, if the children are gifted with high spirits. What the sensitive Lady Margaret would have done alone, we don't know—she who cried in the nursery over the idea that nobody loved her, and was whipped for fretting—but, as we see, the family temper more than sustained her:—

Once upon a time Lady Margaret organized a revolt. She had spent a week after the whooping cough with some friends in the neighbourhood, who had made much of her; and the contrast with home lessons and discipline so strongly impressed her, that after her return she harangued all the rest who were old enough to be under school-room restraint yet to enjoy garden liberties. She proposed to run away to her new friends, who having no children of their own would, she was sure, make them welcome to live with them; which, said the little maid, would be much better than this 'horrible life.'

Off then they set, Anne, Cummertland, Margaret, Robert, Colin and little James, who was still in petticoats and required to be carried by turns by the others, which made the three miles a very long journey; and in the mean time Old Robin Gray, the shepherd, announced the escape thus:—"All the young gentlemen, and the young ladies, and all the dogs, are run away, my lady!" The capture of the fugitives was soon effected; and whipping being this time pronounced too good for them, they were sentenced to be each regaled with a dose of tincture of rhubarb, the dregs being reserved for the eldest as most guilty.

Of course, distasteful as the compromise was, this will be esteemed a giving-in on the part of my lady, who, being a good woman, and acting on a strong though mistaken sense of duty in

her Draconian method of training, would be startled by this unanimous vote that home was intolerable.

The collection contains learned ladies and literary ladies, whose labours awake a natural sympathy in their biographers; and from the German are some interesting sketches of women of the more spiritual and meditative type. Caroline Perthes, a name little known to the world, is one of these, and Madame Swetchine, from the pen of the editor, is another. As a "worker," Mrs. Fry finds admittance, and her peculiarities are treated with candour and toleration. Indeed, we must pay to the book generally the popular compliment of being "free from sectarianism," though the views and bias of the corps of writers are announced with sufficient distinctness to impart, what every conscientious intelligent book must have, a definite purpose and a line of its own.

#### KEATSII HYPERIONIS LIBRI.\*

IT is by no means an uncommon theory in circles of some literary pretension, that Latin scholarship is almost defunct at our Universities. Brilliant talkers have been heard to broach the subject, and boldly to aver the current opinion that in their own comparatively recent day there was but one Latin scholar at Cambridge. And perhaps there may exist something like a shadow of foundation for this assertion, if, on the principle of telling a tree by its fruits, our recent editions of the Latin Classics are counted easily on the fingers, and found to be a thin crop. But notwithstanding this admitted fact, and the further admission that some of these very editions owe great part of their merit to the careful lucubrations of German industry in the same field, it is impossible that anyone who keeps up his classical studies, and keeps up with the scholarship of the time, can be without arms wherewith to do battle, not unequally, against all comers on the question of the present vigour of Latin scholarship in this country. And this, because it is quite a mistaken notion that literary productiveness is the only test of Latin scholarship, and that because a man has edited Terence or Virgil, he is therefore more deeply imbued with the beauties of the Latin tongue than if he had been spending on loving study that time which he has been forced to bestow on correcting and revising the press. Some of our best scholars are very unproductive of fruit that appears; and perhaps to them may be applied what Byron says of poets:—

Many are poets who have never penn'd  
Their inspiration, and perchance the best.

One thing is very certain, that truer and sounder proof of deep Latin scholarship is given in elegant translations of English prose and verse into the language of Cicero and Virgil, which, as university exercises, or the recreations of a literary after-life, are ever and anon being brought to the birth, than in laborious dissertations on articles and particles, or in pages upon pages about the subjunctive mood, such as are to be found in any German excursus. There are many unknown to fame as editors of Latin Classics, who cordially thank Dean Milman for an acknowledgment peculiarly grateful to men conscious of a faculty not widely appreciated—viz., "that the exercise of translating poetical English into poetical Greek and Latin is at once the discipline, the test, and the triumph of consummate scholarship."

This discipline, test, and triumph is not strange nor fluctuating in educated England. The *Arundines Cami*, *Anthologia Oxoniensis*, and *Sabrina Corolla* are but a succession in due course to the devotion of our scholars of an elder day to the same pursuit. If Vinny Bourne was sometimes less Ovidian than could be wished—if Johnson's elegiacs were often as ponderous as his figure and form—they serve to show that in their day the tide ran in the same direction as in that of Milton, and even as it has flowed on through the time of Wellesley and Grenville down to our own Lytteltons and Gladstones. Generally, we find this talent for clothing English verse in Latin numbers exhibited in short passages, which leave the impression of an exercise as pleasant to compose as to peruse. But there have been larger efforts of the same kind, such as the translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost* into Latin Hexameters, by W. Dobson, LL.B. of Oxford, a work, considering its magnitude, of no inconsiderable merit. Not long since, Lord Lyttelton put forth a Latin version of Tennyson's *Godiva* and *Ænone*. But, as far as we are aware, the volume before us is the largest effort of the kind which has been published of later years. And though it may be readily understood that in such matters length of subject is a severe test, and it does not follow that he who can dash off a sonorous translation of *Ofi in the Silly Night* is as certain to excel in translating a whole poem requiring love and perception and intimate study of the author, as well as facility in Latin verse, yet it is with no faint or hesitating voice that we hold up Mr. Merivale's version of *Hyperion* as a work to be welcomed by English scholars with unmixed pride. Taken as a whole, tested in its parts, studied as to its deep penetration into the poetic vein of Keats, and its plenary reproduction of it in Latin most apt for the purpose, the *Keatsii Hyperion* may be safely counted as one of those products of this country, which neither Germany nor any other land could outvie or even equal, in a literary International Congress. It was to be expected that the historian of the Roman Emperors, the translator of the *Lotos-eaters*, and *Ceres*, in the *Arundines*, the accomplished editor of Sallust, would adorn all that he touched however lightly. But such is the finish of the work before us, that we think few real scholars will withhold their candid admission, after its perusal,

\* *Keatsii Hyperionis Libri* 1—11. Latine reddidit Carolus Merivale. Macmillan. Cambridge: 1862.

that it is fully entitled to take the very foremost rank among compositions of its kind. They will read through page after page without the slightest jar to ears however sensitive. They will marvel the more, the further they advance, at the *facundia lingue* which supplies fresh and ever-new turns for every English expression, and clothes the finely veiled sense of some pregnant passage in as exquisite a corresponding Latin dress. In no case will they come to a check in their course on the occurrence of some questionable *cæsura*, or at some elision of a vowel before another, under circumstances of doubt or awkwardness. They will find, too—and this is no mean indication of a master-hand—the most perfectly natural sequence of verse after verse. No repetition of the same connecting particles, tending to a suspicion of “prentice” handling of the translating language; but a thorough ease which shows itself at home with conjunctions, and is equally skilful in their omission or their use at fitting seasons. And while the Muse of most boyhoods was wooed rather in Virgilian phrase and numbers, and Mr. Charles Merivale with nice judgment chooses the manner and rhythm, and the language of Ovid, Claudian, and Statius for conversion of *Hyperion* into Latin, the most fastidious will be puzzled to detect any glitter of tinsel ornaments, any approach to barbarisms, any deficiency in variety, such as might savour of indiscriminate adoption of the “*Latinitas vergentis ævi*.”

If these remarks seem couched in terms of liberal commendation, it is only necessary to refer to the book itself for their complete justification. And whereas, in the case of some productions, a reviewer is bound by compassion to be sparing of extracts, because otherwise, rifling the flowers, he might leave nothing but bare leaves for the purchaser, in the present instance he may safely give notice that what he culls is but an average sample of what he leaves behind, and that the volume is one with which no man of taste or scholarship ought to be many days unacquainted. In proof of this we shall quote a few single or double lines which strike us as admirable renderings—and then take two longer passages as continuous specimens of Mr. Merivale's version—

As if the vanward clouds of evil days  
Had spent their malice.  
Ceu prius omne malum, velintis ut ala procellæ,  
Jam rabiem expleret.—Book i. 39—40.  
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern.  
Ut nativa rigent laqueatis signa cavernis.—86.  
His beard  
Shook horrid with such aspen-malady.  
Barbaque populeæ cœn frons tremuit horrida silvæ.—93.  
Or the familiar visiting of one  
Upon the first toll of the passing bell.  
Et exclamato noti de corpore Manes.—171—2.  
Through bowers of fragrant and inwreathed light,  
And diamond-paved, lustrous, long arcades.  
Quaque intexta vagas fragrant laquearia luce,  
Quaque jacent variis sola longa nitentia crustis.—219—20.  
Their import gone,  
Their wisdom long since fled.  
Mens quibus interit, nec quid docere repertum est.—281—2.  
Yea seize the arrow's barb  
Before the tense string murmur.  
Adductæque aciem pernix ago prende sagittæ.—344.  
Then with a slow incline of his broad breast  
Like to a diver in the pearly seas  
Forward he stooped, &c.  
Tum lati sensim curvans sinuamina dorsi,  
Qualis gemmiferas pelagi scrutator ad undas,  
Vergitur in præceps.—354.

But we too shall lie open to the similitude of divers; and if so, it were just as well that we should now rescue some larger “gem of purest ray serene” than those which we have hastily strung together. Here is one from the first Book v. 185—200.

Also when he would taste the spicy wreaths  
Of incense breath'd aloft from sacred hills,  
Instead of sweets his ample palate took  
Savour of poisonous brass, and metal sick.  
And so when harbour'd in the sleepy west,  
After the full completion of fair day,  
For rest divine upon exalted couch,  
And slumber in the arms of melody,  
He paced away the pleasant hours of ease  
With stride colossal on from hall to hall;  
While far within each aisle and deep recess  
His winged minions in close clusters stood,  
Amazed and full of fear: like anxious men  
Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,  
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.  
Quinetiam thuris cum blanda volumina vellet  
Addibere, in sacris altè spirantia clivis,  
Non dulces olim succos, sed tetra venena  
Scilicet, et magno fremuit trahere æra palato.  
Ille igitur, postquam tranquille limina noctis  
Attigerat, pulchrumque diem subduxerat orbi;  
Ille alias spondâ componi suetus in altâ,  
Et sancto melicas voces circumdare sonno;  
Nunc, ut erat, resides ultra spatiatius in horas,  
Ampla pedum toto posuit vestigia templo.  
At procul aligeri claustris, perque arcta domorum  
Condere se famuli, et confertas cogere turbas,  
Attoniti, plenique metu; nec æcius horrent  
Agmina anhelâ virum latis coeuntia campis,  
Cum tellus tremat, et celsis quatit oppida muris.

We add a part of the speech of Enceladus from the Second Book (334—42)—

For though I scorn Oceanus's lore,  
Much pain have I for more than loss of realms.

The days of peace and slumberous calm are fled:  
Those days, all innocent of scathing war,  
When all the fair existences of heaven  
Came open-eyed to guess what we would speak.  
That was before our brows were taught to frown;  
Before our lips knew aught but solemn sounds;  
That was before we knew the winged thing,  
Victory, might be lost, or might be won.

At licet Oceanus me non pia fabula movet,  
Multa tamen doleo et plusquam mea regna requiro,  
Pacis enim fugere dies, et tempora somni,  
Tempora ferventis jam dudum nescia pugnae:  
Omnia ubi Superum veniebat candida pubes  
Quæsitum patulis quidnam loqueremur ocellis.  
Nondum contractæ glomerabant nubila frontis,  
Mollibus aut labris voces hæsere profanae:  
Nec quia adhuc nôrat, regni securus et ævi,  
Quam non certa leves Victoria ventilet alas!

We are mistaken, if these specimens will not at once justify our praise, and attract readers to the stores whence they come. Passing to minor matters, we have marked in the volume three or four evident misprints—e.g. in p. 13, v. 118, for “cave” read “cava;” in p. 23, v. 247 for “sapientia,” “sapientia;” and in p. 55, v. 312, for “at” read “ab.” These errata are the more noticeable, as the book is turned out in exceeding neatness.

If we might venture to take exception to aught in a production so far above ordinary power and reach, we should question the phrase “*grande capillitium*,” in v. 70, as applied to the flowing hair of which Thea makes a mat for Saturn's feet. Mr. Merivale may have met the word in poetry. It doubtless fills its place here sonorously and well. But as we only know it in Apuleius, and there qualified by the epithet “*inaffectatum*,” which suggests that some “*capillitia*” are “*affectata*,” or, in plain English, “*wigs*,” we cannot say that “*grande capillitium*” produces the desired idea of the author in our mind; in which, owing to our previous conception of the word, the tableau presented is rather ludicrous. But the translator's far wider range of reading in Latin authors can probably justify the poetic use of this word.

Careful study of this unique translation may serve two purposes. It may give our youth, we will not say a model—because no copy can so well repay study as an original—but a standard of the highest English cultivation of Latin poetry. They may hence learn what English ear and English taste may compass in regions inaccessible save to the arduous scholar. They may assure themselves that they will be safe in following such a leader, and well repaid if they ultimately win a tithe of his laurels. It may also throw some light on the vexed question of translating Hexameters. Mr. Milnes, in his memoir of Keats, says that before he left school he had translated the twelve books of the *Æneid*, and that during the last two years of his stay at Enfield the quantity of his translations on paper was surprising. Young Keats took the right course toward future fame, by imbuing his fancy with classic models. He impregnated his imagination with the spirit of Latin poetry, and probably, had he lived to mature age, he would have discarded natural exuberances, and shone out in charms transferred from the Latin Muse to his own. At any rate, the rhythm into which his genius naturally threw the results of his study of classic poetry and mythology was blank verse. It would seem, too, from Mr. Charles Merivale's present success, that blank verse is admirably calculated for transmutation into Hexameters. Let us take the hint, then, and be content with our own indigenous measures; and, while we aim at Mr. Merivale's excellence in translating Keats into the metre of Virgil, Ovid, or Claudian, let us seek, by cultivation of taste and the study of our best poets, a capacity for clothing Greek and Latin Hexameters in such blank verse as that of Keats.

#### THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.\*

THE life of the great English hero is one of those subjects which are never exhausted. It has been often described, and sometimes with considerable success; but there are points of view from which both writer and reader may still contemplate it with advantage. Mr. Gleig's preface tells us of the ambitious hopes which have prompted his own undertaking. He trusts that this work, more complete than those which have preceded it, may “find its way into the hands of Englishmen of all ranks and callings;” and he tells us that he has endeavoured “so to describe the career and paint the character of his hero as to leave little which shall be noteworthy, nothing which may be important, to future biographers.” The former hope is more likely to be fulfilled than the latter. His work will probably command the success which it has certainly deserved. If he really believes that he has cut the ground from beneath the feet of future biographers, he is too sanguine; but as far as he has gone, Mr. Gleig has achieved a signal success. He has written the life of our greatest hero as it has not been written yet. He has made good use of materials which for completeness and accurate detail have perhaps no parallel. French and English authors alike have contributed to his resources, and he has filled in the outline of the hero's portrait with a minuteness of drawing and a vivid colouring which are entirely satisfactory.

It is not too much to presume that with a general sketch of the great Duke's life all our readers are familiar. His biography is the history of his time. To enumerate his deeds is to enumerate the stages in the march of the last generation. His successes,

\* *Gleig and Briantmont's Life of Wellington*. Second Edition, condensed by the Rev. G. R. Gleig into one vol., with Portrait, Plans, and Map. Longmans.



military and diplomatic, are to England what the titles inscribed on the Arc de Triomphe are to *la jeune France*. The great problem with historical professors, whether a given period creates its chief heroes or the chief heroes mould their own period, may be solved or pronounced incapable of solution from considering the relation between his life and his age. In a century of great names there is no name so great as his. Classical ages occupied their youth with theses derived from questioning the actions of their great men; but it is the peculiar happiness of our hero that his actions rarely admit of any but one-sided argument. If one of the most famous generals of antiquity elevated Fortune to the chief rank among the qualifications of generalship, we boast of a commander who, as much as any man, enjoyed the smiles of Fortune, and who can yet afford to be estimated as if Fortune had been blotted out of the list of existences. A life so consistent with itself is a great life, and deserves constant study. We may rise from its perusal with a creed altogether altered or altogether confirmed beyond fear of alteration. And an author who puts together the fragments of that life in such a manner that they may be completely mastered, either in detail or as items of one harmonious whole, has done us good service.

The life of the great Duke may be considered as divided into two portions—the military career and the political career. Mr. Gleig must forgive us if we say that he has been, as was to be expected, more successful in the former than in the latter. The reader will rise from a perusal of the former with more accurate knowledge and more unqualified satisfaction than from the latter. Perhaps the author has not been sufficiently original in either. He appears to have shrunk in both from independent criticism, and to lean principally on supports provided for him by others. Thus, in his treatment of the first half of his hero's life, it is impossible not to see that he has been a good deal influenced by the opinions and criticisms of M. Brialmont. It is true that he has yielded to that influence chiefly where the latter has found cause for panegyric, and has almost questioned his authority where he has suggested censure. But even in the selection of subjects for panegyric, Mr. Gleig is strong enough to have dispensed with precedent. He has proved himself by his former works a military critic of considerable merit, and in his present publication we desiderate the originality which would probably have been as successful as it was before had he been less overawed by the greatness of the name with which he was dealing. So also, in his treatment of the Duke's political career, he shows a tendency to shelter himself too much under his hero's sanction, and to contemplate the Duke's actions from the Duke's own point of view. He illustrates the great man's doings from the great man's sayings. He defends the merit of his conceptions and the method of their execution from the Duke's estimation both of conception and execution. Mr. Gleig is too often only the Duke over again. The legal axiom, *audi alteram partem*, is forgotten. The pleading on one side of the question is illustrated and defended by itself, while the defects of the opposite side are demonstrated by reasoning which really amounts only to the dogma that they are defects because they are on the opposite side. Yet if Mr. Gleig is not always a discriminating critic, at least his partiality is always honest and unconscious. He has fallen into no unusual error. It is only one more illustration of the many ways in which a biographer may identify himself with his hero. Such identification is not only held to be excusable from a general sympathy with hero-worship, but has even come to be considered a positive and indispensable virtue. A writer who shall, as on a general principle, fail to regard life from his subject's point of view, is thought to deny by implication the first axiom of biography. Out of a thousand writers who might *a priori* be held capable of writing the life of a given hero, all are immediately excluded from court as unfair witnesses who do not habitually identify themselves with his views. In these respects, we conceive that Mr. Gleig falls short of the degree of excellence of which he was capable, and that he has still left some materials behind him of which future biography may avail itself to the general instruction and profit.

In some points our author has been eminently successful, and has deserved the public gratitude. When he insists that his hero differed from his great antagonist in his indifference to glory as compared with duty, he tells us doubtless a great truth, but one which has often been insisted on before. Our post-laureate, for instance, has laid stress on the same characteristic in his grand requiem over the departed hero. But, unless we are mistaken, this was not so much a peculiarity of the Duke as opposed to Napoleon, as it is a characteristic of our countrymen generally as contrasted with the French. The "mighty seaman" on whose rest the mightier soldier came to break is, perhaps, even more associated in popular estimation with this chivalrous preference of duty to other objects. But there are some special merits particularly the Duke's own, which our author has been most successful in illustrating. Such, for instance, were his habitual love of truth and scorn of treachery, his frank recognition of merit whether in enemy or in subordinate, and above all his extraordinary talent for concentrating his attention on details. The latter characteristic was possessed in a remarkable degree by his chief antagonist, but neither he nor any other leader ever surpassed the Duke. This truth was first brought to light by the publication of his Despatches; but Mr. Gleig has the merit of riveting attention on the fact, and proving it by an irresistible compilation of instances. As early as during his subordinate command in India, we find the Duke specifying the exact speed at which his men might march and

bullocks might be driven. So, in undertaking the command of the troops in Portugal, there was no petty detail in the list of their necessary equipments which he was found to have overlooked. As if his mind must have some object on which to employ its minutest energies, a general order in Spain regulates the precise mode in which his soldiers are to cook their provisions. This trait of character had a twofold advantage—it secured the material comfort of his troops, and it won their boundless confidence in his command. His frank appreciation of merit in others, again, requires no proofs at this date. He might condemn the unscrupulous policy of his opponents, but he was the first to acknowledge their ability. But his engrained honesty and truthfulness of mind was the chief characteristic of the man. He carried it into stubbornness. As if to illustrate the mode in which an apparent exception can prove the rule, his honesty is never more triumphantly conspicuous than where it seemed for once to have been eclipsed. The negotiations which, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, he carried on with various political characters might at first sight appear inconsistent with strict truthfulness of mind; but a closer investigation shows that the exception is only in appearance. The man who could behave as he behaved when tempted to consent to the assassination of Dhoondiah, and to the offer of exciting a mutiny in Soult's army, needs only to be heard in his own defence when the charge of political jobbery is brought against him. On the whole, Mr. Gleig has exhibited the Duke's portrait in very vivid colours, but he has perhaps been nowhere more successful than in bringing out the above-mentioned features in full relief.

The execution of this book has been so successful in the main that it would be singular indeed if it were not open to exception in some comparatively trivial points. There seems no reason why the orthography of places in the maps and in the narrative should be different. With foreign names an author enjoys considerable license in settling the mode of their spelling and pronunciation, but we have a right to expect that he shall be at least consistent with himself. Mr. Gleig must also excuse us for saying that his French quotations are not likely to cause his nationality to be mistaken. Even in the use of his native language, though he is often striking and even eloquent, he is not always obedient to the laws of syntax. But he has not escaped one great danger to which biographers are eminently liable. An opportunity of indulging a taste for metaphor is not a more dangerous temptation to a novelist than is a chance of introducing a comparison to a biographer. A writer of a great man's life seems incapable of repose until he has compared his hero with everyone whom he can be considered in any respect to resemble, and with some whom he cannot be considered to resemble at all. In spite of Plutarch's experiment in this field being one long failure, the experiment has not yet ceased to be tried. A memoir of the Duke of Wellington is supposed to be imperfect unless he has been compared with this and that hero of other times and countries, and has, either directly or by implication, been pronounced the superior of all. On what theory does the supposed necessity of instituting comparisons rest? History has been said to reproduce itself; but not only is this a questionable statement in any sense, but in no sense can it be intended to mean that history reproduces exactly similar characters. An author may affect to set about a comparison with the impartial object of exhibiting a remarkable contrast, and with no latent intention of concluding in favour of his own hero. But, practically, the balance is sure to be struck, and no one doubts on which side it will be. The misfortune is that the biographer of the other hero would exhibit the same contrast from precisely the same materials, and would certainly strike the balance the other way. Mr. Gleig recognises the impropriety of such comparisons where M. Brialmont has preceded him; but where originality in comparison seems possible, he is as keen for it as a schoolboy in his moral theme. If, as our author points out, it is unsafe and unprofitable to compare Wellington with Napoleon, it is vain to compare him with Alexander, with Hannibal, or with Marlborough. Such exercises of the intellect are as barren as the declamations of the Roman youth in Juvenal, and are open to all the objection which the Senior Wrangler made to Milton's poem—they "prove nothing." But these are excrescences of Mr. Gleig's volume. Mere exertions of fancy need have no place in a severe compilation of authenticated facts, and the book is complete without them. As we have said before, the author has done his countrymen a service by his successful effort to reproduce the life and virtues of their greatest hero. He has brought to the task the happy coincidences of military knowledge, mature judgment, and personal intimacy with his hero, and the result is almost entirely satisfactory. In our remarks upon the volume we have not thought it necessary to give our readers any *résumé* of a life the chief events of which have long been universally known; but we very gladly give in our adhesion to the concluding words in which Mr. Gleig sums up an elaborate conception of his hero's worth. "He was the grandest, because the truest man, whom modern times have produced. He was the wisest and most loyal subject that ever served and supported the English throne."

#### ROBERT STORY OF ROSNEATH.\*

THIS book is not a novelette, though at first sight one would take it to be so from its title, and its size, and its gay exterior. It is only the memoir of a respectable minister of the

\* *Memoir of the Life of the Rev. Robert Story, late Minister of Rosneath, Dumbartonshire.* By Robert Herbert Story, Minister of Rosneath. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1862.

**Scotch Establishment.** The exceptional success which rewarded the editors of the lives of Carlyle and Somerville has tempted Mr. Story, Junior, to give his father's biography to the public. But it is not safe to reckon upon a sustained interest in the lives of Presbyterian ministers. Mr. Story was himself a person of less importance and less ability than the two Scottish worthies whom we have named; nor had he so many opportunities as they enjoyed of witnessing transactions, or of conversing with persons, in whom and in which a younger generation is likely to take interest. The great "Row" controversy in the Scottish Kirk, of which this volume gives a full and particular account, is probably unknown, even by name, to the great majority of our readers. Nor, on this side of the Tweed, at least, will the prospect of mastering the details of that theological tempest in a teapot seem peculiarly attractive. Like the irreverent little boy in the Sunday-school who, when he was asked who was Jehoshaphat's great aunt, replied that "he didn't know, and he didn't very much care," most of us, we suspect, are rather indifferent to the heresies and the excommunication of the minister of Row—that pleasant and appropriately named village of Dumbartonshire. The subject of this memoir, however, took a part in two other religious movements of much greater importance; and those who care to study the very first beginnings of what is called Irvingism (which may be said to have had its origin in Mr. Story's parish of Rosneath), or to recall the events which led to the disruption of the Scottish Establishment, by the secession of the Free Kirk in 1843, may find considerable information in the present volume.

Other readers will probably skip the polemical passages altogether, and amuse themselves with the anecdotes and the descriptions of the less familiar peculiarities of Scottish academical and ministerial life, which are here to be found. The book is on the whole agreeably written, and the author, though sometimes using an unintelligible phraseology, has evidently endeavoured to discard as far as possible sectarianism of sentiment and expression. A certain English school of religionists would follow Mr. Story the younger in calling a pious and benevolent woman an "elect lady," with the dignity of inverted commas; but the phrase "a U. P. congregation" is decidedly ambiguous on this side of the border. At first sight, too, it might puzzle any one to find an "intelligent lady" declaring to the biographer, "Your father was Pauline all over," till it is remembered that this compliment implied a resemblance in doctrine to St. Paul at the expense of the less esteemed St. Peter and St. James. How far the present memoir will be acceptable to the more strait-laced Presbyterians we are not competent to say. We rather fear that its author will be considered a backslider. It is certain, for instance, that, like his father, he is inclined to give his own sympathies to the proscribed opinions of that unfortunate ejected minister of Row; and sundry laudatory quotations from F. W. Robertson, Mr. Maurice, and others, would seem to imply more agreement with Broad Church sentiments than would be acceptable, we should have thought, to the majority of the General Assembly. We notice, indeed, in these pages a studied avoidance of several of the Scottish peculiarities which it is least easy to recommend to an ordinary English audience, such, for example, as the extreme form of Sabbatarian observance. Mr. Buckle's sweeping attack on the Scottish clergy is of course referred to, but, as it seems to us, with an uneasy sense that it has some foundation. Even Mr. Buckle would admit that there might be exceptions to the "sour and fanatical spirit, the aversion to innocent gaiety, the disposition to limit the enjoyments of others," which he maintains to be generally characteristic of the Presbyterian clergy. And Mr. Story does little more than declare that his father's temper and disposition were at any rate contradictory to that unlovely picture. On the other hand, no one can read these pages without perceiving that the elder Mr. Story was almost always an object of suspicion or opposition to his clerical brethren; so that it is scarcely possible to draw a favourable portrait of him without to some extent darkening that of his fellow-Presbyters. The truth is, that the hero of this biography was all his life long in a minority, and nothing but his personal merits saved him from expulsion. To us, as outsiders, reading the extracts here given from his journals and letters, it seems as though he had belonged to the Scottish ministry less by conviction than by the force of circumstances. It is expressly stated that after completing his education he wished to enter English Orders. "He was by no means an enthusiastic Presbyterian," says his son, and he was only deterred from seeking ordination from the Bishop of Durham, "by the invincible repugnance of his parents, and especially of his mother, to his alienating himself from Scotland, and entering an Episcopal Church." But it may be doubted if this first false step did not affect unfavourably his mental growth and development through the whole of his life, in spite of his many sterling virtues. "It was with no common pain," his son tells us again, "he sacrificed his own desires and hopes to his sense of filial duty, and saw the prospect of a useful and happy career, within the pale of a Church [the Church of England] whose traditions and whose service had peculiar attractions for a mind like his, fade away." It is truly distressing to read his journal when he came, in course of time, to commit himself irrevocably to Scottish ordination. His inward struggle against the stern dogmatic Calvinism which he was then obliged to profess must have been fearful. He tells us that on the very morning of the ceremony he "revolved the possibility of a precipitate flight." Theology apart, with which we have no concern here, can we imagine anything as a psychological study more astonishing than

that a man, at such a moment, should successfully stifle suggestions such as these? He asked himself, as he tells us:—

Canst thou admit the monstrous paradoxes of Calvinistic necessity, so repugnant to the moral feeling of humanity, so inconsistent with the every conception of a responsible agency? Thou veriest slave to the errors and prejudices of the age of thy birth, and not only so, but perjured devotee to the dogmas of an illiberal and ignorant ancestry, pity but a glimpse of martyrdom would startle thy hardened front in the very face of heaven and before all this multitude, sacrificing thine own mental integrity, and panting for the functions of an apostle of error and deceitfulness. Thou givest to hell-torments, too, without a sigh, the myriads of unbaptized infants of unilluminated and reprobate heathens; cannot the loud shriek of their concentrated agony rouse thy apathy? Down, thou bold and bloody assassin of the hopes of those vast multitudes that have wept by the tombs of their guiltless babes. Yes; such were the suggestions of those awful moments.

Ought a man who could feel thus to have bowed to the yoke of the Scottish establishment? To us it is almost equally surprising that his son and biographer should have had the courage to give this extract to the world. But it affords the real clue to Mr. Story's character. All his life through he was in a state of suppressed opposition to the dogmatic system which he professed; but he never had the courage to be a martyr for his more liberal opinions. Thus, though he shared the opinions, which seemed to have verged upon what is called Universalism, for which his neighbour, Mr. Campbell of Row, was ejected from the Kirk, he managed to avoid—if not suspicion—at least excommunication. So, too, at a later period, he coquetted with the strange outburst of Irvingism; and it is not even made very clear whether he did not share the heresy with respect to our Saviour's humanity, for which Irving was expelled. But here his good sense and moderation prevented him from going to any damaging lengths in the more overt manifestations of the sect. As life advanced, he became still more cautious, and he was not carried away by the enthusiasm of the Free Church seceders. Of course he was taunted by them with the charge of being a "Residuary" and an Erastian, but he held his ground. And it is to his credit that he refused to break off his friendships with individual seceders. An interesting correspondence between him and Dr. Chalmers has been given at length, in which, although Dr. Chalmers has, as we think, the best of the argument, it is impossible not to be pleased with Mr. Story's candour and liberality. In this particular his biographer is not to be equally commended. We observe many bitter sneers against the Free Kirk men in general, and Hugh Miller, as editor of the *Witness*, in particular. Perhaps this is not surprising in a benefited minister of the "Residuary" Church; but from Mr. Story the younger, who plainly means this volume to be taken as a manifesto of a "broad" school of thought, more liberality might have been expected. However, we are more concerned with his father, who, whatever were his scruples, his difficulties, and his inconsistencies, was undeniably a man of great piety, much energy, and unwearied zeal in his sacred calling.

This volume is, in many respects, very well worth reading. Not only does it give a vivid picture of Scottish ecclesiastical life, but it seems to us to show that there are many signs of still further departures from the traditional observances of the Kirk and the rigid orthodoxy of the Assembly's Catechism. For example, we have a vigorous protest from the author against compulsory extempore preaching, and several hints that Scotch sermons are unconscionably long and tedious. When Scottish clergymen themselves begin even to attempt jokes at discourses of three hours and sixteen heads, there is some hope of amendment. It is curious that some of the best anecdotes in the book are not about Scotchmen, but about persons whom Mr. Story met on a visit to England in 1828. Here is one about Mr. Simons, rector of Paul's Cray, a noted "Evangelical leader," who seems, from more than one story given here, to have been a *bon vivant* and a buffoon. His excuse may be available for other persons of a hasty temper:—

On one occasion he became much irritated at table about some joint that was underdone. He ordered up the cook, and then and there administered a vehement reproof, asking her if she was not ashamed to abuse God's gifts as she had abused that piece of meat. Then, when he had thus relieved his mind, he looked at his guests and shook his head sadly,—"Ah, gentlemen, it is the flesh, not I—the flesh, not I."

During this visit to England, Mr. Story was urgently advised by Edward Irving to pay his addresses to a certain lady, who would be well suited to him as a wife, "because," said Irving, "she knows more of the mystery of the Papacy than any woman in England, except my wife."

Finally we have a very characteristic letter from Henry Drummond, who, in return for it, is angrily described by the biographer as "the versatile gentleman who in his own person combined the diverse functions of country gentleman at Albury Park, banker at Charing Cross, licensed jester of the House at Westminster, and Apostle of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church everywhere." Story, it seems, had written a strong and sensible enough letter to one Mary Caird, who, having been a peasant girl of his own parish, had become a leader among the Irvingites in virtue of her supposed miraculous restoration to health and her endowment with the gift of tongues. Mr. Drummond answers him in this very plain-spoken strain.

14th June, 1834.—Sir, Mrs. Caird, in the absence of her husband, has put into my hands, as her pastor, a letter from you to her, in which you charge her with professing religion from mercenary motives, making a gain of godliness. Partly through Mr. Irving, partly through Lady Olivia Sparrow, and partly from my own knowledge, I can prove the charge to be as false as it is base; and it comes with peculiar bad grace from a man who, notoriously holding the opinions which drove Mr. John Campbell out of the



Church of Scotland, has contrived to mask them so as to retain his stipend. I shall give the letter into Mr. Caird's hands on his return, and leave him to deal with it as he thinks fit. I am, &c., Henry Drummond.

#### HISTORY OF THE OPERA.\*

FEW people in the present day know anything about Dr. Burney's *History of Music*, in four large volumes, for which his daughter's friend, Dr. Johnson, supplied the preface; but, although not now read, it is from the last volume, which the doctor has devoted to the music of the opera, that English writers derive their information when they wish to enlighten us upon operatic subjects. Mr. Hogarth, some years ago, in his *Memoirs of the Opera*, gave us the best of the doctor's labours, corrected by his own excellent taste and experience; and Mr. Edwards has now rehabilitated a considerable portion of the book in a very pleasant and readable form, while he has added much information upon the opera of the last thirty years.

Opera and oratorio, to the largest portion of the music-loving public, represent music itself, according as their prejudices or inclinations lean to Covent Garden or the Strand; because, in opera and oratorio, music appeals directly to the dramatic instincts. Of course the good people who crowd Exeter Hall would be shocked to hear that there was anything savouring of stage plays in the entertainment there provided for them; but with some slight alterations, and with the addition of scenery and dresses, *Solomon*, *Elijah*, and many other oratorios would form as grand operas, and give as brilliant opportunities for great acting, as any piece represented on the operatic stage. Mr. Edwards has not attempted to fix the precise time when drama, with the action carried on solely in music, was first introduced. No one, of course, thinks that any art or science springs suddenly into existence. There is no such person as an absolute inventor; but he passes as such who, in any subject, collects the ideas which are floating as common property, and by his genius so arranges them that subsequent workers are content, or compelled, to develop the forms which he has chosen. In this sense, Homer is the father of the epic; Thespis, the author of the drama; Cimabue, of painting; Newton, the discoverer of gravitation; and Des Cartes, as we have been recently told, of philology. In Italy arose the priests of dramatic music, who were, to opera and oratorio, what those we have just mentioned were to the several branches of human thought and discovery of which they were the oracles. Italy heard the first opera, and the first oratorio—very different, as Mr. Edwards says, from what we now find them, but yet containing the germ of the elaborate works we hear at the present day; and, indeed, some of the earliest devices for effect have been claimed by the last operatic innovator, Mr. Richard Wagner, as inventions of his own, too subtle to be now appreciated, and which must wait for recognition till a later age, and the growth of a purer and more advanced taste.

In the early attempts at the lyric drama, we find none of the airs, duets, and elaborate concerted pieces which are now deemed necessary elements of a grand opera. The poem was set to a sort of recitative, probably similar to the style in which Italian improvisatori of the present day deliver their recitations, with perhaps one or two choruses written in parts for several voices. This was considered—how vainly it is scarcely necessary to mention—a revival of the ancient Greek and Roman drama. Orchestral colouring there was none; and we find that the orchestra for the first opera publicly performed—*Dafne*, by Peri—consisted of a harpsichord, a guitar, a lyre, and a lute. In this opera, we are told, the delivery of the words by the singers "amounted not to singing, and yet was different from speech." Very soon, however, the orchestra was crowded with all the then known instruments, several of which have now disappeared. Mr. Edwards gives a list of more than thirty instruments employed by Monteverde, who reset *Orfeo* in 1608. Monteverde employed the modern trick of ticketing, as it were, the principal characters with a phrase, which prefaced their entry on the stage. He also used different instruments to support the different singers. Thus, the bass violas accompanied Orpheus—the violas, Eurydice—the trombones, Pluto—the small organ, Apollo. Charon, strangely enough, as Mr. Edwards says, sang to the guitar. Soon after this, Italian opera was introduced into other countries, and became the model on which all opera was formed; but in Italy alone does opera proper, in which the drama is carried on wholly in recitative, seem to have prospered. Purcell in England, and Lulli in France, wrote what are called operas; but in the operas of Purcell, as in modern English opera, spoken dialogue occurs, and the works of Lulli are rather ballets than operas. In Germany also, the dialogue is principally spoken.

Mr. Edwards has entered at some length upon the defence of opera against the charges of unnaturalness and absurdity, and has put the case with considerable clearness. We must submit to the convention, he tells us—and we think he is quite right—that the men and women we see in opera express their feelings and emotions in music. Mr. Edwards would, if possible, dispense with words altogether, and would have each piece of music tell its own tale of love, despair, or joy; but here we think he is carrying a principle rather too far. Many pieces of music would suit different situations, and the words are often the only cue to the sentiment. Take Leporello's song, in *Don Giovanni*, without the words, or with another setting, and no one would see its comic character.

In the early days of opera, the poet was the most important person, and the composer was merely his assistant; and certainly a return to verses which might be read without contempt, and sung without its being necessary, from their very absurdity, to make them unintelligible, would be a great gain to modern opera. *Appropos* to the fitting of music to words, Mr. Edwards tells a good story of the setting of the Credo in a Mass. The composer, finding a picturesque contrast in the rhythm, to which justice could only be done by a verbal transposition, gave the words "*Genitum non factum*" to one of his solo singers, to which the chorus had to reply, "*Factum non genitum*." Nothing but the usual execrable enunciation of the singers saved the composer from performing a principal part in the next *auto-da-fé*.

The well-known history of Handel's struggles with the aristocracy, whose musical taste was then, as now, for the lightest kind of music, together with Swift's equally well-known epigram, is fully detailed. We must recollect, however, that we owe to Handel the firm root which Italian opera has struck in this country. Before he abandoned dramatic music on the stage for dramatic music in the concert-room, he had written thirty-five Italian operas. He engaged his best vocalists from Dresden, where Augustus of Saxony took care to secure the finest singers and musicians for his opera. The Italian singers had at this time spread over the whole of Europe, and even to Algiers. Mr. Edwards, whose remarks upon singers and the art of singing show considerable taste and acquaintance with the subject, mentions an artist of the name of Ferri, for whom Queen Christina sent a vessel-of-war when he was about to visit Stockholm. This vocalist, the most distinguished of his day, could, without taking breath, ascend and descend two octaves of the chromatic scale, performing a shake on every note; and if the shake was at any time verified by an instrument, it was found to be in perfect tune. This certainly puts to shame the vocal feats of the present day; but, says Mr. Edwards—

The eleventh century produced a multitude of great singers. Their voices have gone with them; but we know from the music they sang, from the embellishments they have noted down, and which are as good evidence now as when they were first executed, that these *virtuosi* had brought the vocal art to a perfection of which, in these latter days, we meet with only the rarest examples. Is music to be written for the sake of the singers, or are singers to learn to sing for the sake of music? Of the two propositions, I decidedly prefer the latter; but it must at the same time be remarked, that unless the executive qualities of the singer be studied to a considerable extent, the singer will soon cease to pay much attention to his execution. Continue to give him singable music, however difficult, and he will continue to learn to sing, counting the difficulties to be overcome only as so many opportunities for new triumphs; but if the music given to him is such as can, perhaps even must, be shouted, it is to be expected that he will soon cease to study the intricacies and delicacies of his art; and in time, if music truly vocal be put before him, he will be unable to sing it.

This we hold to be sound criticism, and many modern composers would do well to get this passage, especially the latter part of it, by heart. Why is a decent execution of most of Rossini's operas now next to impossible? Forty years ago, singers would have been ashamed not to be able to appear in these operas, which have now to be altered so as to be brought within their limited capabilities. Something is owing, no doubt, to singers imagining that, when once they have appeared, there is no further need for study, but much more to the ostentatious neglect of modern composers, more especially of the German School, to compose vocal music. Beethoven, Weber, and even Meyerbeer, in their desire to carry out their effects, treat the voice as though it were part of the orchestra, and show less regard for its capabilities than for those of any other instrument. Beautiful as undoubtedly their music is, it is often singularly ungrateful to the executant, and is so contrived as to render its execution, with accuracy and precision, almost impossible. The well-known remark of Pasta, when asked how she liked *Der Freischütz*, that she "liked it very well, but she thought the orchestra should have been on the stage, and the singers in the orchestra," exactly expresses the view for which we contend. What, however, might be borne from genius, becomes intolerable when carried to its present absurd extreme by such men as Richard Wagner and his followers.

Haydn's operatic compositions are not noticed by Mr. Edwards. We do not know whether any have been published, but we should imagine that some portions must have escaped the destruction which attended the manuscript scores by the fire in Prince Esterhazy's palace. It is scarcely possible but that the composer who placed the symphony in its present form did something to improve and develop stage music, and we should have been glad to have some information as to the nature and style of his operas.

The scenic effects of the early opera seem to have far exceeded what we now see, and, used as we are to gorgeous spectacle and perfect stage illusion, we are still behind many contrivances related in this book. The representation of a piece called *The Inundation of the Tiber* drove the audience in terror from their seats by its reality. A mass of water was seen to come in from the back of the stage, gradually approaching the orchestra and washing down everything that impeded its course. Traps, however, were ready to be opened in all parts of the stage, and at the proper moment the troubled waters sank. If the secret of this contrivance has come down to us, we think Mr. Bazalgette and the other sewer authorities should inquire for it.

Of the fierce contest between the supporters of Gluck and Piccini (why does Mr. Edwards call him Piccinni?) we have an excellent description. Gluck is, without doubt, the father of modern opera. From him Mozart derived many of his instru-

\* A History of the Opera. By Sutherland Edwards. Allen and Co. 1862.

mental combinations and effects, and to him we owe the greater prominence given to the heavier voices. Before his time, the long and somewhat monotonous solos were allotted exclusively to the primo uomo, (soprano) the prima donna, and tenor—the bass voice being used only in the concerted pieces. The airs were elaborate pieces of vocalization with no regard to the dramatic situation. Gluck, in the dedication of his *Alceste* to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, laid down what he conceived were the correct principles of dramatic composition, and although he was not always consistent in the practice of his own precepts (introducing occasionally a bravura not required except by what he had stigmatized as “the vanity of the singer”), the reforms he introduced have been generally adopted, and have been carried to their legitimate conclusions by Mozart, Rossini, and Meyerbeer. We could have wished that Mr Edwards had traced this change in Gluck's style (his first operas were in the Italian manner) a little more at length. It would be useful to know the influences under which he introduced his reforms. Indications of them he no doubt found in some of the works which he studied, and which served as a sign-post directing him to the road he ought to take, as he in his turn served to direct Mozart. Of the composers of our own time, Mr. Edwards has plenty to tell us, and we have the advantage of hearing it from a gentleman who can honestly enjoy all kinds of music. He can be Gluckist without thinking it necessary to consider Piccini's music utter trash, nor does his appreciation of Mozart and Rossini render him unable to see any merits in Bellini, Donizetti, or their successor, Signor Verdi. Of Rossini's improvements he has given us an excellent sketch, though he hardly seems aware of that great composer's obligations to Paer, by whom some of his effects were certainly foreshadowed. With the exception of Mozart, Mr. Edwards's predilections are with the Italians, and he underrates the attractive power of *Fidelio* when he says it has never been translated into English or French. The heroine was a favourite part of Malibran when she sang on the English stage at Drury Lane, and there has been a recent rendering of *Fidelio* on the French stage, at the Théâtre Lyrique. On the other hand, Weber can hardly claim the merit of originating the plan of taking the principal themes of his overtures from the melodies of the operas they precede. Mozart in *Don Giovanni*, and Rossini in nearly all his operas, have done precisely the same thing. In the second volume, Mr. Edwards has collected many capital anecdotes of singers who have retired from public life, and we feel sorely tempted to transcribe one or two of them; but perhaps it is better to leave to our readers the gratification of hearing them told in Mr. Edwards's own pleasant style. All who take an interest in operatic and musical matters will find in him an agreeable and lively companion, who can afford them some instructive and amusing information.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

## NOTICE.

The publication of the “SATURDAY REVIEW” takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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CONTENTS OF No. 339, APRIL 26, 1862:—

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The War in America.	Our Future Navy.
M. Chevalier's Mexican Idea.	The Irish Party and the Opposition.
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The Exhibition Buildings.	
Last Poems.	
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	Life of Wellington.
	Robert Story of Rosneath.
	History of the Opera.

**ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—Manager, Mr. George Vining. From the great success of the present performance, the production of the *Easter Extravaganza* is postponed. First appearance of Miss Herbert since her severe indisposition. On Monday and during the week, “Under the Rose,” Mr. Ashley and Miss Kate Terry. After which, “Friends or Foes,” Messrs. George Vining, Dewar, F. Charles, W. H. Stephens, Belmont, Frank Matthews, Messdames Frank Matthews, E. Homer, Harland, and Miss Herbert. To conclude with “The Boarding School,” Messrs. Ashley, Belmont, Dewar, F. Charles, Messdames Frank Matthews, Kate Terry, Rainforth, Miss Herbert, &c. Commence half-past 7. Acting Manager, Mr. J. Kinloch.

## MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT. — EXETER HALL.

May 14th, May 20th, and June 6th, 1862. — Mr. MITCHELL begs to announce that he has been requested by Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt to make arrangements for the Performance of Three Oratorios, “The Messiah,” “The Creation,” and “Elijah,” which will take place in Exeter Hall respectively, in behalf of the following Benevolent Institutions:—

1. Wednesday Evening, May 14th, HANDEL'S “MESSIAH,” in Aid of the Hindle Street Institution and other Establishments for the Relief of Needlewomen in London.  
2. Wednesday Evening, May 20th, “THE CREATION,” by HAYDN, in behalf of the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Brompton.  
3. Wednesday Evening, June 6th, MENDELSSOHN'S “ELIJAH,” in support of the Royal Society of Musicians, and the Royal Society of Female Musicians.

The principal Vocal parts in these Performances will be sustained by Madame LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT; Miss PALMER; Mr. SIMS REEVES; Mr. W. H. WEISS, and Signor BELLETTI. The BAND and CHORUS will be complete, comprising upwards of 200 Performers. Conductor, Mr. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT. Centre Reserved and Numbered Seats One Guinea. Sides of the Area Reserved and Numbered, Half-a-Guinea. West Gallery Half-a-Guinea. Back of Area Seven Shillings. Seats will be appropriated according to priority of application. Orders received on and after Monday, April 28th. Applications to be made at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street; Mr. Sams, St. James's Street; Messrs. Addison & Loebe, Regent Street; Messrs. Cramer, Beale & Wood, 30 Regent Street; Messrs. Hammond's, Piccadilly; Messrs. Chappell's, Bells, 40 & 42, Piccadilly; Messrs. H. & G. Wood, 40, Piccadilly; Messrs. Ebers, 40, Piccadilly; and Messrs. Keith & Prowse's, Cheapside.

**ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE.**—The LAST PERFORMANCE OF LEOTARD will be on MONDAY and TUESDAY EVENING and WEDNESDAY MORNING and EVENING, being his 300th and POSITIVELY LAST APPEARANCE. THE MORNING PERFORMANCE will commence at 2. Carriages at 4.

**WILLALBA FRIKELL at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly,** every Evening at 8, except Saturday. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. At Chappell & Co.'s, 40 New Bond Street; and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—Beethoven Night at the Monday Popular Concerts, St. James's Hall, on Monday Evening next, April 23. Pianoforte: Mr. Charles Hallé. Violin: Herr Joseph; Violoncello: Signor Fiati. Vocalists: Miss Banks and Miss Lancelotti. For full particulars see Programme. Conductors: Mr. Benedict, 30, St. James's Hall; and Mr. Addison, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 30 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—Eighteenth Season.—Tuesday, April 23rd. St. James's Hall. Doors open at Three, Concert to begin at Half-past. Quartet, D. Minor, Haydn; Grand Trio, B. Flat, Beethoven; Quartet, D. Major, Mendelssohn. Solos: Violin and Pianoforte. Artists: JOACHIM, RIES, R. BLAGROVE, PIATTI, and HALLÉ. Members who have not received their Tickets will be admitted on presenting their Cards at the entrance. Visitors' admissions Half-a-Guinea each. To be had of Cramer, Beale, and Wood; Chappell & Co.; Ollivier & Co.; Ashdown & Parry; and Austin, at the Hall. J. ELLA, Director, 15 Hanover Square.

**HANDEL FESTIVAL, 23rd, 25th, and 27th JUNE.**

Vouchers issued for Stalls will not be exchanged for Tickets. Tickets for Stalls may also be had without Vouchers. Half-a-Guinea Tickets are on Sale, but early application for them is requisite, the number being limited. They are sold in sets for the three days at 30s. the set. Preference in selection of blocks will be given to purchasers of sets of tickets. The Ticket Offices at the Crystal Palace, and at Exeter Hall, are open daily, from Ten till Five o'clock.

**HANDEL FESTIVAL.—CRYSTAL PALACE.**—23rd, 25th, and 27th June.—The PROGRAMME of ARRANGEMENTS, with BLOCK PLAN of SEATS and view of Great Orchestra, may be had on application, personally or by post, at 2 Exeter Hall.

The Ticket Offices at the Crystal Palace, and at Exeter Hall, are open for the disposal of Reserved Stalls Tickets, daily from Ten till Five. Post-office Orders to either Ticket Office to be payable at chief office, London; as well as cheques to be payable to the order of George Grove, Esq. Stalls Tickets Two and a Half Guinea the set for the three days, or One Guinea for each Ticket for one day. Stalls in each Corner Gallery, Five Guineas the set. NOTE.—Blocks O and O O, P and P P, and the raised Seats S and S S, very eligible positions, are now on sale. Half-Guinea Tickets are now being issued.

Opens on the 25th inst.  
**SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.**—The Fifty-eighth Annual Exhibition in their Gallery, 3 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery). Admittance 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

**ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, South Kensington.** The public will be admitted to the Garden by payment of Five Shillings each person, on Thursday, May 1, Friday, May 2, and Saturday, May 3. Bands at 2.30 p.m.

**THE CAMDEN SOCIETY, for the Publication of EARLY HISTORICAL and LITERARY REMAINS.**

The Most Hon. the MARQUESS OF BRISTOL, F.R.S. President.  
The Annual General Meeting will be held at No. 35 Parliament Street, Westminster, on Friday, the 2nd May, at Four o'clock.

The following Books have been issued to the Members in return for the Subscription of One Pound, due 1st May, 1861:—

I. LETTERS OF JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, Esq., to SIR DUDLEY CARLETON, during the Reign of ELIZABETH. Edited by Miss SARAH WILLIAMS.  
II. PROCEEDINGS in the COUNTY OF KENT in 1610. Edited by the Rev. LAMBERT D. LARSEN, M.A.

III. PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES in 1610. From the Notes of a Member of the House of Commons. Edited by SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, late Student of Christchurch. The Subscription to the CAMDEN SOCIETY is One Pound per Annum, payable in advance on the 1st May in each Year. No Books are delivered until the Subscription for the Year has been paid.

Applications for Prospectuses, or from Gentlemen desirous of becoming Members, may be addressed to the Secretary, or to Messrs. NICHOLS, 25 Parliament Street, S.W., to whom all Subscriptions are to be paid. All Communications on the subject of Subscriptions to be addressed to JOHN GOUGH NICHOLS, Esq., as above, and all Post Office Orders for the payment of the same to be made payable at the Post Office, Parliament Street, S.W.

**SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.**—The New Court and Cloisters in the South Kensington Museum, chiefly filled with works of Italian Art, will be opened to the public on and after 30 April next. By Order of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education.

**INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.**—

SEASON TICKETS may be obtained on personal application at the Offices of the Exhibition Building, South Kensington (near the Eastern Dome). Price 3 Guineas and 5 Guineas each. The latter entitles the owner to an immediate admission to the Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, including the Flower Show, Fête, and Promenade. Cheques for preserving the Season tickets may be obtained at 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. each. Application through the post should be addressed to F. R. SANDFORD, Esq., Secretary, International Exhibition, London, W., and must be accompanied by Post Office Orders payable to J. J. Mayo, Esq., at the Post Office, Charing Cross. Cheques or Country Notes will not be received.

Season tickets may also be obtained at The Royal Horticultural Society, South Kensington, W. South Kensington Museum, W. The Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, W.C. Crystal Palace Ticket Office, 3 Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C. Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, 28 Piccadilly, W. Sam's Library, 31 St. James's Street, S.W. Miland's Library, 35 Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, S.W. Sam's Library, 1 St. James's Street, S.W. Westerton's Library, Knightsbridge, S.W. Lettis, Son, & Co., 5 Royal Exchange, E.C. Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48 Cheapside, E.C. J. Mitchell, 31 Bond Street, W. R. W. Ollivier, 21 Old Bond Street, W. W. W. Marshall, 21 Edgware Road, near Marble Arch, W. Cramer, Beale, & Wood, 30 Regent Street, W. Chappell & Co., 49 New Bond Street, W. Shaw & Co., 27 Southampton Row, Russell Square, W.C. J. Roberts, 41 Arabelle Row, Clime & Co., W. Thomas Agnew & Sons, Exchange Street, Manchester, and Liverpool and London Chambers, Exchange, Liverpool. Rice's Library, 125 Mount Street, Berkeley Square, W. Folthorpe's Royal Library, North Street, Brighton.

Sherrin & Son, News Agents, 18a Strand, W.C., and the Book Stalls at the principal Railway Stations.

**INTERNATIONAL BAZAAR, 1862, Exhibition Road, South Kensington.**—A BUILDING of large dimensions, consisting of a central hall, and two sides, with spacious galleries, is in rapid course of erection on the space of ground in Exhibition Road, nearly opposite the grand entrance under the Eastern Dome of the International Exhibition, and the entrance to the Royal Horticultural Gardens.

The proprietor of the land is erecting this Building for the purpose of affording exhibitors in the Exhibition, as well as others, an opportunity of selling articles of manufacture principally of a portable character, selected for sale in the Exhibition.

Plans of the space to be let, with the tariff, can be seen at the offices at the building. Rough counters will be provided for Exhibitors. The utmost exertion will be made to make the International Bazaar worthy of public support: the Bazaar will be opened and closed contemporaneously with the Exhibition of 1862. Intending applicants for space are invited to inspect the progress of the building, and to apply for further information to the Superintendent.



MRS. S. C. HALL desires to state that, having ceased to conduct the "ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE," she is not responsible for any of the future contents of that work.

GENTLEMEN desirous of extending the business of FIRE and LIFE ASSURANCE may be appointed AGENTS, either publicly recognised or private, by addressing Letters to "No. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 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595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

THE SHIP TAVERN, GREENWICH.  
THOMAS QUARTERMAINE & CO. beg respectfully to inform the Public that the White Bait season has commenced, and to solicit a continuance of their patronage.  
The Halfway is near at hand.  
The Steamboats all run to the House.

PIMLICO.—APARTMENTS FURNISHED.—Drawing Rooms en Suite and Two Bed Rooms, with use of Bath Room, Gas, and every requisite. 23 Cumberland Street, St. George's Road, S.W.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.—101st ANNIVERSARY.—On WEDNESDAY, April 30, the ANNUAL MEETING will be held in ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.

His Grace the Archbishop of CANTERBURY will take the Chair at Two o'clock.  
The Lord Bishop of St. Helena, the Right Hon. Earl Nelson, the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Northcote, Bart., M.P., Sir W. Burton (late Chief Justice of Madras), Sir Henry Young (late Governor-General of Van Diemen's Land), the Rev. Dr. Newman (late Dean of Cape Town), and others will address the Meeting. Tickets to be obtained at 79 Pall Mall, S.W.; 16 Hanover Street, W.; and 4 Royal Exchange, E.C.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, and Congress International de Bienfaisance.  
LONDON MEETING, June 1862.

The SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, in conjunction with the Third Session of the Congress International de Bienfaisance, will take place in London, from the 5th to the 14th of June.

The Departmental Meetings of the National Association will be held at Guildhall in the forenoon, and evening Meetings for the discussion of special subjects in Burlington House. The Session of the Congress will be held in the forenoon in Burlington House.

A series of Soirées will be held during the period of the Meeting, and it is intended to provide for visits to places and institutions illustrative of the objects of the Association.

Members' Tickets, price One Guinea each (entitling to the volume of Transactions), and Ladies' Tickets, price Half a Guinea, will admit to all the meetings of the Association and Congress, and to the Soirées, &c.

Tickets will be issued and every information given on application at the Offices for the Meeting at Guildhall, E.C., and 12 Old Bond Street, W.

As the local expenses have in all former cases been borne by the towns in which the Association has met, and as the expenses of the London Meeting will necessarily be considerable, the Finance Committee appeal to the inhabitants of the City and the metropolis for contributions in aid of the local fund.

For every 25 subscribers to this fund, Subscribers are entitled to a Member's Ticket, and a Lady's Ticket for the Meeting.

Subscriptions will be received by Andrew Edgar, Esq., Finance Secretary, at the Offices for the London Meeting, 12 Old Bond Street, W.; and at the City Office, Guildhall, E.C.; by Messrs. Hanson, Bouvier and Co., 1 Pall Mall East, S.W.; the London and Westminster Bank, Leathers, E.C.; Messrs. Heywood, Kennard and Co., 4 Lombard Street, E.C.; and by Mr. George Ledger, 4 Charlotte Row, Mansion House, E.C.

GEORGE W. HASTINGS, Hon. Sec. and Chairman of Executive Committee.  
A. EDGAR, Finance Secretary.  
G. WHITLEY, M.D., Foreign Secretary.

LONDON HOMEOPATHIC HOSPITAL, Great Ormond Street, W.C.—The Board of Management earnestly beg support from the friends of Homeopathy, and especially from the many amongst the wealthy who, having themselves derived benefit from it, are generously disposed to confer similar benefits on the sick poor. Contributions gratefully received by the Members of the Board or the Honorary Secretary.

7th April, 1862. RALPH BUCHAN, Hon. Secretary.

HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM.—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. E. W. LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin.

THE TURKISH BATH, at the premises of Dr. Lane's medical direction. Consultation in London, at the City Turkish and Hydrophobic Baths, 5 South Street, Finsbury, every Tuesday and Friday, between One and Four.

HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—THE BEULAH SPA, Upper Norwood, within 20 minutes' walk of the Crystal Palace. Terms for Patients, from Three Guineas. Particulars of Dr. RITTERBANDT, M.D. VISITORS can have all the advantages of a FAMILY HOTEL, including the use of the Public rooms. Private Sitting Rooms, if required. Terms from 2½ Guineas per week.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is now on view at the Gallery. The Exhibition, which will also admit to view FRITH'S CELEBRATED PICTURE OF THE DERBY DAY.

THE DERBY DAY, by W. P. FRITH, R.A., is now on view at the Upper Gallery, 120 Pall Mall. Admission, One Shilling, which will also admit to the French Exhibition.

HOLMAN HUNT'S GREAT PICTURE, the Finding of the Saviour in the Temple, commenced in Jerusalem in 1864, is now on view at the German Gallery, 105 New Bond Street. Admission 1s.

THE CATTLE FAIR, by AUGUSTE BONNEUR, size 14 feet by 9.—Mr. ROBERT CROFTS has the pleasure to announce that this great PICTURE is now ON VIEW at the Gallery, No. 28 Old Bond Street. Open from 10 till 5. Admission 1s.

FRITH'S NEW PICTURE, "The Railway Station," is now on view Daily to the Public at the Fine Art Gallery, 7 Haymarket, next door to the Theatre, between the hours of 10 and 5. Admission, One Shilling; Saturdays, Half-a-Crown.

In compliance with numerous applications it has been arranged that for the present on Saturdays the admission will be 2s. 6d.

PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY.—MESSRS. FOWLER and WELLS, from America, will give THREE LECTURES in Exeter Hall, May 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. Open at Half-past 7, commence at 8, and close with public examinations. Reserved Seats, 2s.; Unreserved, 1s. They may be consulted daily at 147 Strand, W.C.

EVENING LECTURES at the GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF MINES, JERMYN STREET.—Dr. HOFMANN, F.R.S., will commence Course of TEN LECTURES on the OUTLINES of CHEMISTRY, on MONDAY, the 28th APRIL, at Eight o'clock; to be continued on each succeeding WEDNESDAY and MONDAY EVENING, at the same hour.

Tickets for the whole Course, 5s. may be had at the Museum of Practical Geology, TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.  
THE COUNCIL are desirous of securing the Services of a PRINCIPAL, who must be in Holy Orders, and a Graduate of either Oxford, Cambridge, or Trinity College, Dublin. Candidates are requested to forward their applications to the Secretary, at the College, Cheltenham, on or before the 17th of May next. The Annual Income is £100 fixed, with a Capitation Fee of £2 on every Pupil above 200. There are now 617 Pupils. The duties of the Principal will commence the second week in August.

THE KING'S SCHOOL, SHERBORNE, DORSET.—The Second Master, A. M. CURTIS, Esq., late Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Trinity College, Oxford, receives a limited number of Boarders in his House. Terms, 70 Guineas per annum, inclusive of School Fees and washing. For further information address A. M. CURTIS, Esq., Westbury, Sherborne, Dorset.

THE LEICESTER COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.—Head Master.—The Rev. A. HILL, M.A. Assistant Masters.—The Rev. C. D. CROSSMAN, B.A. The Rev. THOS. WIDDOWSON, B.A. The Rev. R. J. ALLEN, M.A., &c. &c.

While in the upper forms for the Universities and Professions, great care is taken to impart to all a thorough sound English Education, and much pains bestowed on little boys to teach them Arithmetic, Writing, History, and Geography, together with the elements of Classical knowledge. Terms for Boarders in the Head Master's house, 40 Guineas a year. A Prospectus and a Copy of the Reports of the Examiners may be had on application to the Head Master.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SCHOOL, IPSWICH.—The EAST-TERM TERM commences on Saturday, May 10th, and ends July 25th.

BONN, ON THE RHINE.—Dr. BREUSING PREPARES a limited number of PUPILS for the COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS for the ARMY or NAVY, &c.—Address, Dr. Breusing, 100 Colonnade Street, Bonn, Rhineland Prussia. Reference, Rev. Dr. Thring, Uppingham, Rutland, and others. Prospectus may be had at Messrs. DeLaunay, 27 Soho Square, London, W.

MISS LOUISA DREWRY'S GREEK and LATIN CLASSES for LADIES.—The EASTER VACATION will TERMINATE on Monday, 28th April, when ladies can join any of the classes. Miss Drewry wishes to form Latin classes for little girls and boys, at her house, 51 Finchley New Road, N.W.

HAILEYBURY COLLEGE (late East India College), near Hertford.

Head Master, The Rev. ARTHUR GRAY BUTLER, M.A., Fellow of Oriel, Ireland University Scholar, and First Class in Classics, 1820, and Assistant Master at Rugby.

The College being intended for the Education of the Sons of the Clergy and Laity of the home and eastern counties, though not confined to them, will be conducted on the same principles as the Schools of Marlborough and Eton.

The utmost care will be taken to secure moral and religious training, according to the doctrines and formularies of the Church of England.

The Education will be equal to that of our best public Schools, in Classics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages, qualifying pupils for high positions in the Universities, for the Army, Navy, and Civil Service departments, for Engineering and Commercial pursuits, and also for Foreign Service.

No pupil will be admitted under nine years of age, nor above fourteen, except with the special sanction of the Head Master.

Admission will be obtained either by nomination or by annual payment. The School will be opened in the ensuing Autumn.

All communications are to be addressed to the Honorary Secretaries.  
Rev. LEWIS DEEDES, Bramfield Rectory, Hertford. } Honorary Secretaries.  
E. D. BOURDILLON, Esq., Ainswell, Ware. }

A CAMBRIDGE MAN, formerly Scholar of his College, at present resident at the West End of London, will be happy to meet with Gentlemen desirous of competing for the Indian or other Civil Service Appointments. With Candidates for the former, he would read English History, Literature, and Composition in French, and Moral Sciences.—Address, L. M. S., care of Messrs. Bell & Daldy, Fleet Street. References, if desired.

EXCHANGE OF PUPILS.—A Beneficed Clergyman South of London, will be glad to RECEIVE the DAUGHTER of a Clergyman taking pupils, in Exchange for his Son. She will be taught French, Hanoverian German, Music, Drawing, &c. There is also a Vacancy for another Girl. Terms £100, no extras. Address Pades, care of Mr. Thompson, 5 Dursleigh Street, Strand, W.C.

A CLERGYMAN, in a healthy Village not far from the Coast, wishes to receive one Pupil. He would have many advantages, use of a Ferry, &c. Address, Rev. M. A., care of Messrs. Dawson, 74 Cannon Street, City, London, E.C.

TUITION.—A Clergyman, B.A. of Cambridge, wishes to read with one or two Pupils.—Address, C. A., Cadlers' Library, Bathurst Street, Hyde Park Gardens.

FRANCE.—A Member of several foreign Universities, thoroughly acquainted with the Greek, Latin, French, English and German languages RECEIVES into his family and PREPARES for the ARMY, NAVY, CIVIL SERVICE, OXFORD, and CAMBRIDGE, young Gentlemen connected with the Nobility and the higher classes of society. Number of Pupils limited to six. Apply, by letters prepaid, to Professor B., 14 Rue Saint Thomas, Saint Germain en Laye, near Paris, France.

FRANCE.—PRIVATE TUITION for the Army, Oxford, Public Schools, Civil Service, &c.—A Married Clergyman, Graduate of Oxford, receives FOUR PUPILS. Great Facilities for Modern Languages. Sea-side Residence. Address, Rev. M. A. Oxben, Pavillon Lefaix, Rue Sainte-andré, Havre, France.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, THE LINE, AND THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE. TWO CAMBRIDGE MEN, experienced in Tuition, receive TWELVE PUPILS, who are reading for the above, and prepare them thoroughly and quickly. Terms Moderate. Apply for Prospectuses, &c. to E.A., 4 Angel Terrace, Brighton, S.

GRIFFIN ANTIQUARIAN.—A Pure Choice and First-Class DRAWING PAPER of Whatman's Manufacture. A New Batch of 1860 make is now in fine condition and ready for delivery. Large Sheets 55 in. by 31 in. 7s. WILSON & NEWTON, 38 Rathbone Place, London, and all Stationers and Artists' Colourmen.

OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION.—Season Ticket-holders are informed that a new portable double Field Glass of great power and sharpness of definition, and withal so light and convenient that it may be worn round the neck as a pair of hand-spectacles, has just been made by Callaghan, 23 New Bond Street, W., corner of Conduit Street. All who desire to view the ceremonial of the opening in the most perfect manner will find this little glass indispensable. Price 30s. with case complete.

MORTLOCK'S CHINA WAREHOUSE, 250 Oxford Street.—CHINA Dinner, Dessert, Breakfast, and Tea Services, at a great reduction for CASH, in consequence of the expiration of the Lease—50 Oxford Street, near Hyde Park.

DENT'S CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, AND CLOCKS.  
M. F. DENT, 33 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, Watch, Clock, and Chronometer Maker, by special appointment, to Her Majesty the Queen. 33 COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS (corner of Spring Gardens), London.

ECCELESIASTICAL AND DOMESTIC DECORATION, &c.  
HARLAND & FISHER beg to call attention to the NEW SHOW-ROOMS for CHURCH FURNITURE, DECORATION, STAINED GLASS, GOTHIC PAPER-HANGING, FRICKING, &c. &c., which have been recently added to their Establishment. Designs and Estimates furnished, or an Illustrated Priced Catalogue, upon application.—33 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS beg to Caution the Public against Spurious Imitations of their world-renowned WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

Purchasers should ask for LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE. Pronounced by Connoisseurs to be "THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE."

\*\* Sold Wholesale and for Export, by the Proprietors, Worcester, Messrs. CADEAU & BLACKWELL; Messrs. BARCLAY & SOVE, London, &c. &c., and by Grocers and Oilmen universally.

E. LAZENBY & SON, FOREIGN WAREHOUSEMEN and FAMILY GROCERS, beg to direct attention to their choice Selections of Breakfast and Luncheon Delicacies, Comestibles, and Articles for Dessert, noticing amongst other York and Westphalia Hams, Pickled and Smoked Ox Tongues, Strangers and Yorkshire Pies, Smoked Salmon, Sardines, Gorgonzola Anchovies, French Truffles, Preserved Green Peas, French Beans, Mushrooms, Tomatoes, French and Spanish Olives, Crystallized and Glazed Apricots, Greenpeas, Strawberries and Angelica, Jordan Almonds, Muscatel Raisins, Figs, French Fruits, and a variety of French Chocolates and Bonbons. Their celebrated Pickles and Sauces prepared under personal superintendence, Jams, Jellies, Tart Fruits, Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Spices, Soaps, Candies, Colas Oil, and all Household Requisites supplied of the best descriptions. Families regularly waited on for orders.

6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W.  
N.B.—Sole Proprietors of the Receipt for Harvey's Sauce.

HARVEY'S SAUCE.—CAUTION.—The admirers of this celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each bottle bears the well-known label, signed "Elizabeth Lazenby." This label is protected by perpetual injunction in Chancery of the 9th July, 1860, and without it none can be genuine.

E. LAZENBY & SON, of 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, as sole proprietors of the receipt for Harvey's Sauce, are compelled to give this caution, from the fact that their labels are closely imitated with a view to deceive purchasers.

Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and Oilmen.

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# STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY was established in 1825, and during the last fifteen years the annual average of New Assurances has exceeded Half a Million Sterling, being the largest business transacted in that period by any Life Assurance Office.

From 1846 to 1851 the amount of Assurances effected was .....	£7,345,461 13 0
From 1851 to 1856 the amount of Assurances effected was .....	2,541,840 5 1
From 1856 to 1861 the amount of Assurances effected was .....	2,802,308 14 5
Total in 15 years.....	£12,689,610 12 6

ACCUMULATED FUND.....	£1,915,192 17 7
ANNUAL REVENUE.....	314,497 11 1

The Directors invite particular attention to the NEW TERMS and CONDITIONS of the STANDARD POLICY.

## FREE ASSURANCE.

The Assured under these Policies may proceed to and reside in any part of the world without payment of extra Premium; may serve in Militia or Volunteer Corps, in time of peace or war, within the United Kingdom; and, further, so Policy of five years' duration shall be liable to any ground of challenge whatever connected with the original documents on which the Assurance was granted.

**POLICIES OF FIVE YEARS' DURATION** effected for the whole term of life at a uniform rate of Premium, may be renewed within thirteen months of date of lapsing, on payment of a fine; during which period the risk shall be binding on the Company, in the event of death, subject to the deduction of Premiums unpaid and Fines.

**POLICIES of less than FIVE YEARS' DURATION** may be renewed within thirteen months, on very favourable terms.

**SURRENDER VALUES** granted, after payment of ONE ANNUAL PREMIUM on "With Profit" Policies, or THREE ANNUAL PREMIUMS on "Without Profits." Loans granted on such Policies within their value.

By Order of the Director,  
WILL. THOS. THOMSON, Manager.  
H. JONES WILLIAMS, Resident Secretary.

London, 68 King William Street.

# LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION, 81 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C. Instituted 1860.

PRESIDENT—CHARLES FRANKS, Esq.  
VICE-PRESIDENT—JOHN BENJAMIN HEATH, Esq.

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The London Life Association was established more than fifty years ago, on the principle of mutual assurance, the whole of the benefits being shared by the members assured. The surplus is ascertained each year, and appropriated solely to a reduction of the premiums after seven yearly payments have been made.

If the present rate of reduction be maintained, persons now effecting assurances will be entitled, after seven years, to a reduction of 75 per cent., whereby each £10 of annual premium will be reduced to £2 13s.

This Society has paid in claims more than .....	£1,250,000
And has policies now in force amounting to .....	£4,000,000
Its accumulated fund exceeds .....	£2,500,000
And its gross income is upwards of .....	340,000

Assurances may be effected up to £10,000 on the same life.

The Society has no agents and allows no commission; nevertheless the new assurances effected in the last financial year amounted to £287,240, and the new annual premiums to £10,567.

EDWARD DOCKER, Secretary.

# NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, for FIRE and LIFE ASSURANCE at HOME and ABROAD.

Established in 1835. Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

CAPITAL—£1,250,700 Sterling.  
Accumulated Funds upwards of £600,000.

OFFICE IN LONDON—1 MOORGATE STREET.

## LIFE DEPARTMENT.

(REDUCED RATES FOR THE EAST AND WEST INDIES.)

The Directors of this Company beg to announce that they have adopted a new System of Rates for the East and West Indies, considerably lower than those now charged by any other Company, but differing from the old system in respect that no reduction takes place on the insured returning to Europe or proceeding to any other part of the world not chargeable with an extra premium.

According to this method, the insured, instead of being subjected to a heavy extra premium during the years of his residence in the Tropics, has the option of throwing the same over the whole currency of his Insurance, by paying a fixed rate which, it will be seen, is very little higher than the home rate.

The following are specimens of the New Rates—

TABLE I.  
EAST INDIES AND CHINA.

Annual premium for the Insurance of £100 (payable during the entire currency of the Policy).

Age.	Without Profits.	With Profits.	Age.	Without Profits.	With Profits.
18	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	33	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
21	2 3 2	2 8 5	36	3 2 0	3 9 11
24	2 5 11	3 11 11	39	3 7 9	3 16 6
27	2 9 3	3 15 6	42	3 14 5	4 3 11
30	2 12 11	3 19 9	45	4 1 11	4 12 5
33	2 17 2	3 4 6	48	4 10 3	5 1 10

No extra charge for voyages.

TABLE II.  
WEST INDIES.—ACCLIMATED LIVES.

Annual premium for the Insurance of £100 (payable during the entire currency of the Policy).

Age.	Without Profits.	With Profits.	Age.	Without Profits.	With Profits.
18	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	33	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
21	2 7 0	2 13 1	36	3 7 8	3 16 5
24	2 9 3	2 16 9	39	3 13 6	3 21 11
27	2 11 11	3 0 11	42	4 0 4	4 10 7
30	2 14 1	3 3 7	45	4 8 2	4 19 6
33	2 17 2	3 10 9	48	4 17 1	5 9 7

The West Indian rates include permission to reside in any part of the world—the West Coast of Africa excepted.

No extra charge for voyages.

Prospectuses and full Tables of Rates will be furnished on application.

By order of the Board, A. P. FLETCHER, Secretary.

# CLERICAL, MEDICAL, & GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

13 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.

ESTABLISHED 1821.—Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.

## BONUS MEETING, 1862.

The Report presented at a Meeting held on the 2nd January last, for the declaration of the SEVENTH BONUS, showed,

In evidence of the progress of the Society, that during the quinquennial period which terminated on the 30th June, 1861, NEW ASSURANCES for a total sum of £1,486,370 had been effected, being an increase of £22,215 on those of the previous five years; that THE INCOME had increased from £166,900 to £195,400 per annum; that THE ASSURANCE FUND had risen from £1,154,276 to £1,422,191; and that a REVERSIONARY ADDITION to the Policies of £275,877 was then made, as against £221,470 at the prior division.

In illustration of the results of the Division, that the Reversionary addition above named averaged 6 per cent., or varied with the different ages from 33 to 60 per cent. on the Premiums paid in the five years; and that the CASH BONUS averaged 25 per cent. on the like Premiums, being amongst the largest ever declared by any Office.

The Report explained at length the nature of the investments, and the bases of the calculations, the results of which, as above shown, are eminently favourable.

The following are among the distinctive features of the Society:

**CREDIT SYSTEM.**—On Policies for the whole of life, one half of the Annual Premiums during the first five years may remain on credit, and may either continue as a debt on the Policy, or be paid off at any time.

**POLICIES FOR TEN YEARS** may be effected at rates peculiarly favourable to Assurers.

**INVALID LIVES** may be assured at premiums proportioned to the increased risk.

**prompt SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS.**—Claims paid thirty days after proof of death.

**THE ACCOUNTS AND BALANCE SHEETS** are at all times open to the inspection of the Assured, or of persons proposing to assure.

**Tables of Rates, Forms of Proposal, the Report above mentioned, and a detailed account of the proceedings of the Bonus Meeting,** can be obtained from any of the Society's Agents, or of GEORGE CUTLER, Esq., Actuary and Secretary, 13 St. James's Square, London, S.W.

**THE NEXT DIVISION OF PROFITS** will take place in January, 1867, and persons who effect New Policies before the end of June next, will be entitled at that Division to one year's additional share of profits over later Assurers.

# EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.—ESTABLISHED 1762.

The Right Hon. Lord TREDEGAR, President.  
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William Dacres Adams, Esq.  
John Charles Burgoyne, Esq.  
Lord G. H. Cavendish, M.P.  
Frederick Cooper, Esq.  
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Peter Martin, Esq.  
John Aldin Moore, Esq.  
Charles Pott, Esq.  
Rev. John Russell, D.D.  
James Spence, Esq.  
J. Charles Temple, Esq.

The Equitable is an entirely mutual office, and has now been established for a century. The reserve, at the last "est." in December, 1860, exceeded three-fourths of a million sterling, a sum more than double the corresponding fund of any similar institution.

The bonuses paid on claims, in the 16 years ending on the 31st December, 1860, exceeded £1,500,000, being more than 100 per cent. on the amount of all those claims.

The Capital on the 31st December, 1861, consisted of—  
£2,280,000 in the 3 per Cents.  
£1,028,608 Cash on Mortgage.  
£350,000 Cash advanced on Debentures.  
£121,400 Cash advanced on security of Policies.

The Annual Income exceeds £400,000.

Policies effected in the current year 1862 will be entitled to additions on payment of the Annual Premium due in 1862; and in the order to be made for Retropective Additions in 1870, be entitled to the benefit of such order ratably with every other Policy then existing—in respect of the Annual Premiums paid thereon in the years 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, or on seven payments; and in 1880 a further Retropective addition will be rated on seventeen Annual Payments, and so on.

On the surrender of policies the full value is paid, without any deduction; or the Directors will advance nine-tenths of such surrender value as a temporary accommodation on the deposit of the policy.

No extra premium is charged for service in any Volunteer Corps within the United Kingdom, during peace or war.

A weekly Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from Eleven to One o'clock, to receive proposals for new assurances; and a short secret of the Society may be had on application, personally or by post, from the office, where attendance is given daily, from Ten to Four o'clock.

ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

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(All other kinds at the same rate.)

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